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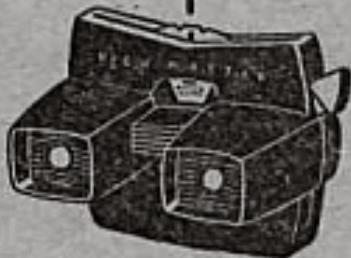
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CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER '56

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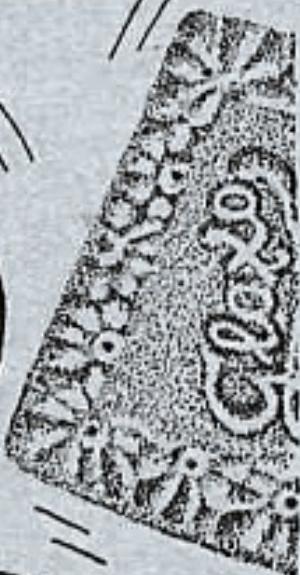


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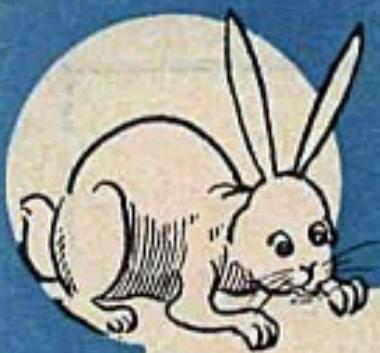
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S. 47(a)



CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

IF it were to be pleasant to do good and unpleasant to do bad, probably all men would be doing only good deeds all the time. Unfortunately, many people do bad deeds while thinking that they are doing good. But the good and bad of each deed is known when only it bears fruit.

This moral is brought out very well in the JATAKA TALE "Evil-Minded." On the one hand, there is the heretic fairy who is convinced that the Buddha was a bad one. She tries her best to poison Anatha-pindika's mind against the Great One. She thinks that she is doing right when she leaves her home for a better place. She knows the truth only when she fails to find a better home.

On the other hand, there is Anatha-pindika himself who spends all that he has on feeding the Brotherhood. He is distressed when he can give them nothing but gruel. But his persistent faith in the Buddha brings him back his wealth.

VOL. 3

DECEMBER 1956

NO. 6

THE FRONT COVER

TOWARDS the end of the forest-life of the Pandavas, Indra thought of a plan which would benefit Arjuna. Soon there would be war between the Kauravas and the Pandavas. Karna who was born with an armour would fight on the side of the Kauravas. With that armour he was invincible. So Indra planned to go to Karna in the disguise of a Brahman and ask him for the gift of his natural armour.

The Sun god, who favoured Karna, appeared to him in a dream and warned him, "My son, Indra will be coming to you, disguised as a Brahman, in order to take away your armour. If you part with it you are sure to die in the war."

"I have taken a vow," Karna replied, "that I will not refuse a Brahman, if he were to ask me even my life."

"Then," said the Sun god, "do give away your armour to Indra, but take his Shakti in return."

A few days later, Indra came to Karna in a Brahman's shape. "What can I do for you, sir?" Karna asked him. "I want your natural armour, my son!" Indra replied.

"Sir," Karna said to him, "I know that you are Indra in the shape of a Brahman. You should be granting boons to human beings like us, not putting us in danger. I shall give you my natural armour to you, but give me your Shakti."

"You can have it," Indra replied. "But it shall not be with you forever. After killing just one of your enemies, it shall return to me."

Karna smiled and said, "I have only one rival, Arjuna!"

"You may use Shakti only in self-defence," Indra warned him. "Otherwise, it may destroy you."

Karna agreed to these terms, gave Indra his natural armour and took Shakti from him.



EVIL-MINDED

DURING the time of Lord Buddha, there lived a rich merchant called Anatha-pindika. He was a great devotee of the Buddha, and he spent fifty-four crores to build a monastery at Jeta-vana. He visited the Lord three times a day, and often the Buddha himself came to his house with his brotherhood.

This merchant had a house, seven storeys high with seven gateways. Over the fourth gateway lived a heretic fairy with her brood of children. She never liked the Buddha to come to the house.

So, one day, she took on the form of a human being, went to the merchant's manager and said, "Why do you invite the Buddha

to this house? You will suffer for it."

The manager abused her and sent her away. Then she went to the merchant's son, said the same thing to him, and got abused by him too.

There was nothing else she could do, and she abided her time.

The merchant's spending was great. He did not attend to business. In addition, the other merchants borrowed eighteen crores from him which he never demanded. He had another eighteen crores of treasure buried on the banks of the river Achiravati, and the sealed pots were washed into the sea by great floods.

On account of all these mishaps, the merchant became poor. He still went on feeding the monks, but there were no great feasts any more. One day, the Buddha asked Anatha-pindika, "Are you still giving gifts?"

"Yes, sir," the merchant replied, distressed. "But it is only gruel that I give now."

"Do not worry, friend," the Buddha said, seeing the merchant in distress. "'When the heart is good, the gift is bound to be good, even if it is gruel."

Now that the merchant became poor, the heretic fairy thought bold to face him.

She appeared before Anatha-pindika and said, "Give up this Buddha even now. Look to your business and regain your lost wealth. I am the fairy that lives on your fourth gateway. I advise you for your own good."

"Get out of my house at once," Anatha-pindika said to her.

"I will certainly go," she said. "I am not going to remain here when I can find much better





houses." She left Anatha-pindika's house with her brood of children and went in search of another house.

Inspite of all her efforts she failed to find a house as good as the one she had left. She wanted to go back to her original place. But not knowing how to do so, she went and consulted the Deity of the City.

"You made a great blunder in leaving the merchant's house," the Deity of the City said to her. "If you want to get back there,

take on the appearance of the agent of Anatha-pindika and collect the eighteen crores which the merchants owe him. Then rescue the sealed pots which were washed into the sea. The merchant has another property worth eighteen crores, of which no one knows. It is in such and such a place, restore it to him. Then go to Anatha-pindika and beg him to let you into his house."

The heretic fairy put this advice into practice. She collected the eighteen crores which



the merchants owed Anatha-pindika. She recovered the lost treasure from the sea. Then she restored the unknown property also to Anatha-pindika, and said. "Sir, I apologize for what I did. Kindly pardon me, and permit me to live in your house as before."

"Submit your apology before the Buddha," Anatha-pindika told the heretic fairy.

So she went with Anatha-pindika to the monastery at Jeta-vana, told the Buddha everything and submitted her apology to him.

Having heard to her the Lord spoke thus:

"The one who does evil thinks that he is doing good until his actions bear fruit. He knows

the truth only when he has to eat the bitter fruit of his actions. Similarly, the one who does good thinks that he is doing evil. He too knows the truth only when his actions bear fruit. This heretic fairy is an example of the first type. She thought that she was doing good. This Anatha-pindika is an example of the second type. He was distressed because he thought that he was doing evil. The good and the evil of the actions of both were known only when the actions bore fruit!"

Having heard to the Lord, the heretic fairy changed her outlook. She stopped hating the Buddha, returned to the fourth gateway of Anatha-pindika's house and lived there with her brood.



INAUSPICIOUS

THERE was a rich man who had a son to be married. The rich man searched far and wide for a really beautiful bride for his son, and at last found one in a certain village. Both the parties agreed to the marriage and the wedding day was fixed.

The *purohit* of the rich man came to know about the marriage on the eve of it. He went to see the rich man and said, "So you are marrying your son? When does the marriage take place?"

"Tomorrow!" the rich man replied. "Please see if it is an auspicious day. The *purohit* was angry that he was being consulted after everything was fixed up. "I wonder who thought of it" he said. "Tomorrow is quite inauspicious for you."

The rich man was perturbed. He got the *purohit* to fix a really auspicious day some days later.

The girl's people, who made all arrangements for the marriage waited for the bridegroom till the last moment, and then they married the girl to a boy of their own village.

The rich man came to know of this. He sent for the *purohit*, and asked him, "See how I lost a beautiful girl on account of you?"

"Did I not tell you," the *purohit* asked in turn, "that that particular day would prove inauspicious to you? It did!"



HAPPINESS

ONCE there was a Brahman in the North who was very wise.

He got disgusted with the material things of the world, renounced everything, went to the Himalayas, and engaged himself in penance. His fame spread far and wide. Five hundred disciples came to learn wisdom from him. The first of them was a King who too had renounced everything.

During the rainy season, the Teacher used to come down into the plains with his disciples and live upon the charity of the people. One year he came to Banaras. The King of Banaras gave the Teacher and his disciples a great welcome and kept them as his guests.

At the end of the rains, the Teacher prepared to go back to the Himalayas. But the King said, "Sir, you are a man of advanced age. Why should you go? Be with me and let your disciples go away."

The Teacher agreed, and the disciples went away. After a time, the first disciple had an urge to see his old Teacher. So he came down to Banaras. The Teacher and the disciple embraced each other and shed tears of joy.

After finishing their food they were resting and talking, when the King of Banaras arrived. The disciple saw the king, but did not get up, nor did he take any notice of him. On the contrary, he said in ecstasy, "What happiness! What happiness!" The King got angry at this. "Sir, your disciple must have had a fine meal. He seems to be very happy!" he said to the Teacher.

"O King," the Teacher replied, "You are mistaken. His happiness is not due to a good meal. He was also a king like you. But he renounced the material world. Now he knows the real happiness that comes of conquering desires, not that which is obtained through yielding to desires!"



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(Vyaghra-dutt and Samarsen who were running away from the City of Ruins came across Sorcerer One-eye. Samarsen cleverly made good his escape, leaving Vyaghra-dutt to face the fearsome sorcerer. To escape the wrath of One-eye, Vyaghra-dutt revealed to him that he was Samarsen's deadliest enemy, and thus a potential friend of One-eye.)

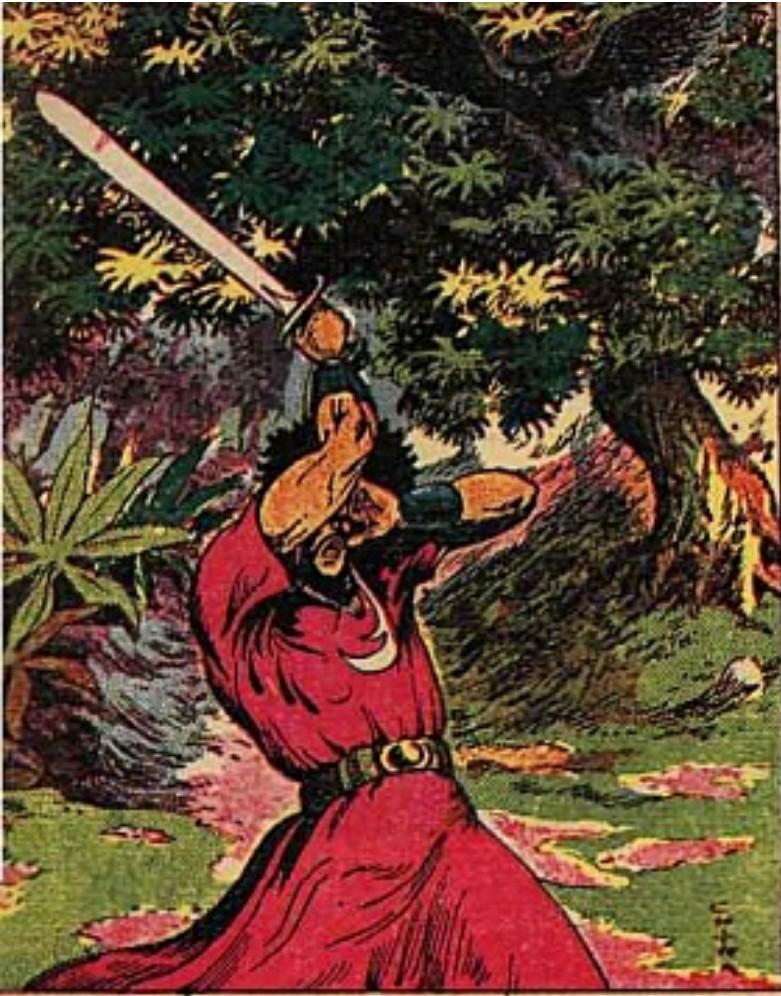
VYAGHRA-DUTT'S words were quite plain to One-eye. He understood that Vyaghra-dutt too was intent upon getting at the wealth in the ship which was guarded by the Mermaid.

"Did it not occur to you," One-eye asked Vyaghra-dutt, "that ordinary men like you may not be able to obtain the wealth in the ship?"

Vyaghra-dutt nodded his head. "But there is the Magic Trident of Sakteya to help me get it," he replied.

One-eye was taken aback. He was sure that none, except Four-eyes and One-eye himself, was aware of the existence of Sakteya's Magic Trident.

"Where is the Trident, scoundrel?" One-eye thundered.



Shaking with fright, Vyaghra-dutt revealed to One-eye that the Trident was hidden in the skeleton of the Treacherous Disciple, buried in the Forest of Elephants in the City of Ruins. He also revealed that Siva-dutt too was trying to obtain it. It was possible that Samarsen himself had gone there.

On hearing all this, One-eye shook with rage.

"Vyaghra-dutt," he said finally, "let us stand by each other in

this affair. It is quite possible that Samarsen has the aid of a certain wicked sorcerer, but let us make haste and obtain the Trident before it is too late. Lead me to that place at once!"

Vyaghra-dutt and his men started towards the City of Ruins, while One-eye and his creatures followed behind.

After going some distance, Sorcerer One-eye told his creatures, Death's Head and Devil's Serpent, to go in search of Samarsen.

Soon after the departure of Death's Head and Devil's Serpent, One-eye and Vyaghra-dutt heard the fearful hooting of the Awesome Owl. It flew over the head of the sorcerer, shouting, "Four-eyes! Here is One-eye!"

Shivering with fear, One-eye closed his good eye with his left hand and began to protect himself by waving the sword around his head.

In a trembling voice he shouted, "O Death's Head! O Devil's



Serpent!" But those two did not return to protect their master. He did not know what to do. But, fortunately for him, the owl flew away without doing him any harm.

Vyaghra-dutt and One-eye entered the Forest of Elephants without any further mishap. "One-eye, sir," said Vyaghra-dutt, "here we are in the Forest of Elephants and there it is the Poison Tree, with its leaves curling and hissing like snakes. The

Trident lies buried underneath that tomb there."

One-eye was very happy. But just at that moment Siva-dutt arrived there with his army. "Vyaghra-dutt," One-eye said, "engage these people while I take out the Trident."

Vyaghra-dutt was a fool to obey One-eye, for Siva-dutt's men were thrice in number compared with Vyaghra-dutt's. Soon Vyaghra-dutt's position became very critical. Seeing this,





The leaves of the Poison Tree began to spread themselves like hoods and began to hiss. One-eye raised his sword and went towards the tree, uttering some spell. But he heard a groan and looked back to see the Ape-man holding Vyaghra-dutt by his heels and swinging him round. At the same time he saw the owl flying towards the Poison Tree, hooting, "One-eye, One-eye!"

One-eye called for his creatures and they came.

As soon as they saw Death's Head and Devil's Serpent, Siva-dutt and his soldiers got panic-stricken and began to run away.

"Quick!" One-eye said to Vyaghra-dutt. "Get your men to dig up the grave."

Vyaghra-dutt felt that success was within his reach now. The Trident would be his own! He joined his men in digging up the grave.

One-eye felt perturbed. He should not have been disturbed until he got the Trident in his hands. Four-eyes might come there any minute. He ordered his creatures to fight those of Four-eyes. The Ape-man flung Vyaghra-dutt on to a heap of stones, where he lay dead, and went to attack the Devil's Serpent. At the same time the Awesome Owl attacked the Death's Head in the air.

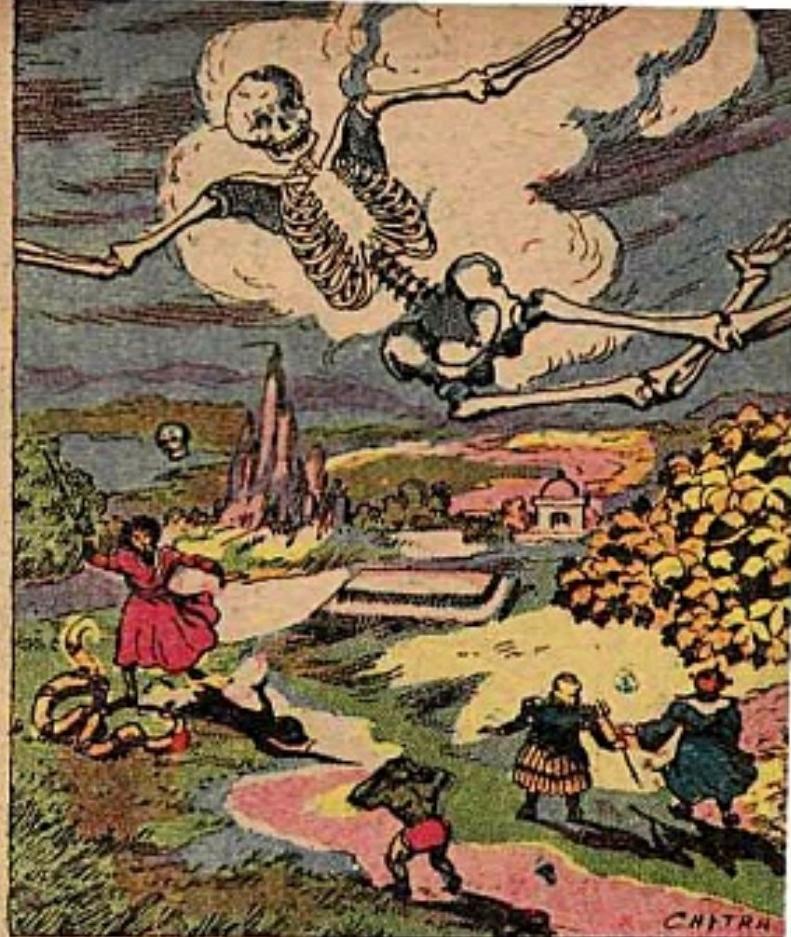
But the worst thing that happened then was the arrival of

Four-eyes with Samarsen and his men.

They rallied Siva-dutt and his soldiers who were now with them. One-eye sensed that things were turning unfavourable to him very fast. He drew his sword and attacked Four-eyes. Four-eyes began to engage him while instructing Samarsen and his men to dig the grave and take out the Trident of Sakteya.

Samarsen and his men at once started digging up the grave. Samarsen, while digging, heard strange laughter and dreadful moans proceed from inside the grave. But he was not afraid. Seeing the courage of their leader, the men took heart and dug right to the bottom of the grave.

The grave contained only one skeleton with the skull missing. There was a trident piercing through its ribs. With trembling hands, Samarsen held the trident and disentangled it from the skeleton, with a jerk. At once,



the skeleton flew up into the sky and joined the Death's Head. The Death's Head began to cry, "Sakteya, my Guru! I am free of the curse! I am going to Shaman Isle!"

The entire skeleton flew away very fast and soon disappeared into the sky.

While this happened every one was transfixed to the spot where he stood. One-eye kept staring at the flying skeleton, his hand raised. In the meantime, Samar-



CHITRA

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sen walked up to Four-eyes and put the Magic Trident in his hands.

By the time One-eye turned his gaze from the skeleton to Four-eyes, the latter was standing there with the shining Trident in his hands. He had no more hope of standing up against his rival. He turned on his heel and began to run away at a terrific speed.

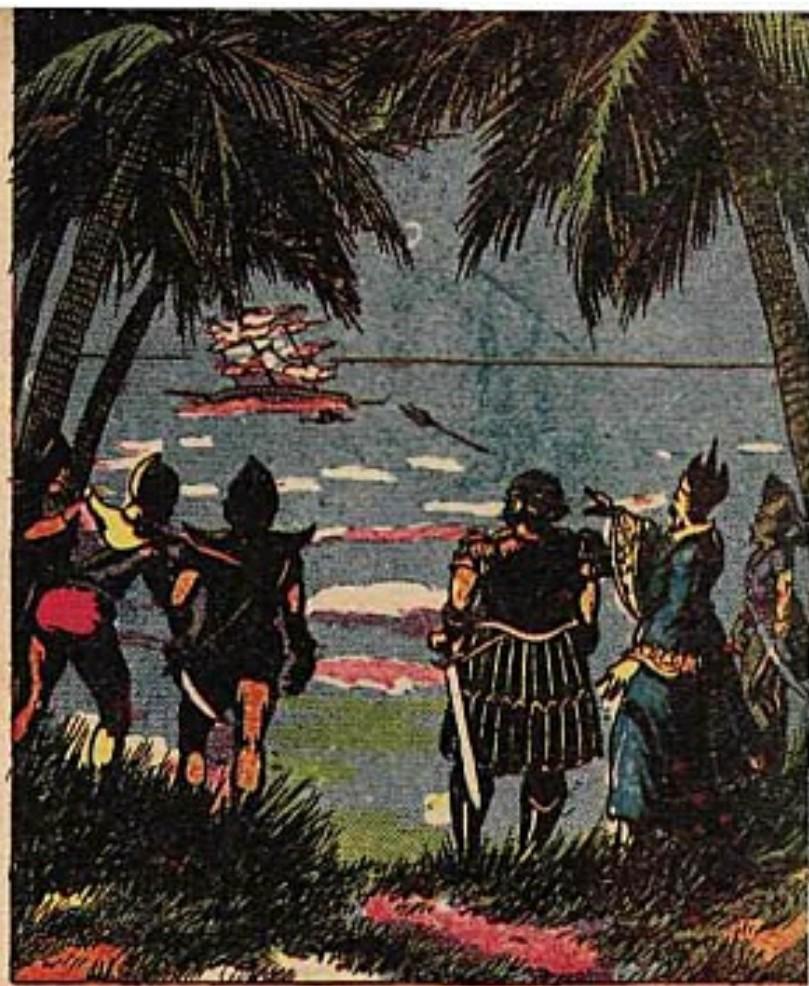
"O Four-eyes!" Samarsen said in anguish. "Don't let him escape! He is a very cruel person!"

"Do not worry, Samarsen," Four-eyes replied. "He cannot escape the Trident wherever he hides." So saying, he lifted up the Trident, and said, "Go and kill One-eye, the younger brother of the Treacherous Disciple!"

Then he flung the Trident in the direction of One-eye.

A few moments later there was a terrible yell and One-eye was lying dead, with the Trident sticking out of his chest.

Four-eyes retrieved the Trident and turned to Samarsen.



"Now," he said, "we shall go and see the ship that contains the wealth."

Following Four-eyes, Samarsen, Siva-dutt and the rest went to the coast. There Samarsen not only saw the ship but also the Mermaid on it. Four-eyes whispered something and flung the Magic Trident at the ship. Samarsen saw the Trident touch the ship. The next moment, the ship began to make for the shore, with the Mermaid at the rudder. As the Mermaid came ashore,



Four-eyes approached her and said, "I am Four-eyes, the disciple of Sakteya. This Trident belongs to him. You know Sakteya's orders. You are now going to be my wife."

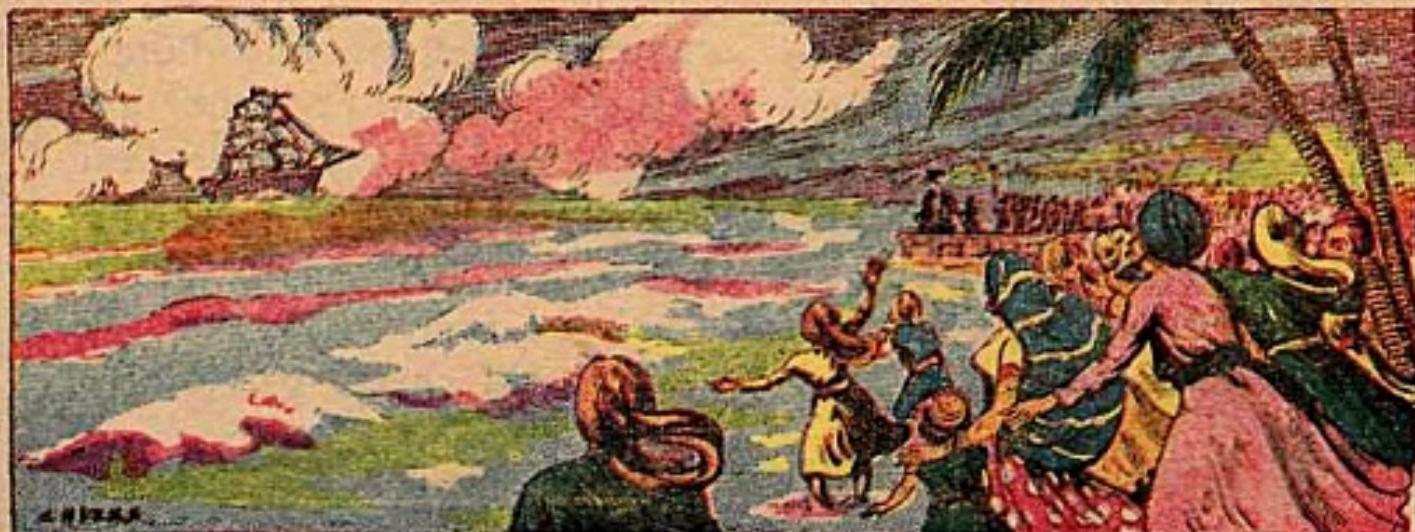
The Mermaid bowed to Four-eyes in acknowledgment.

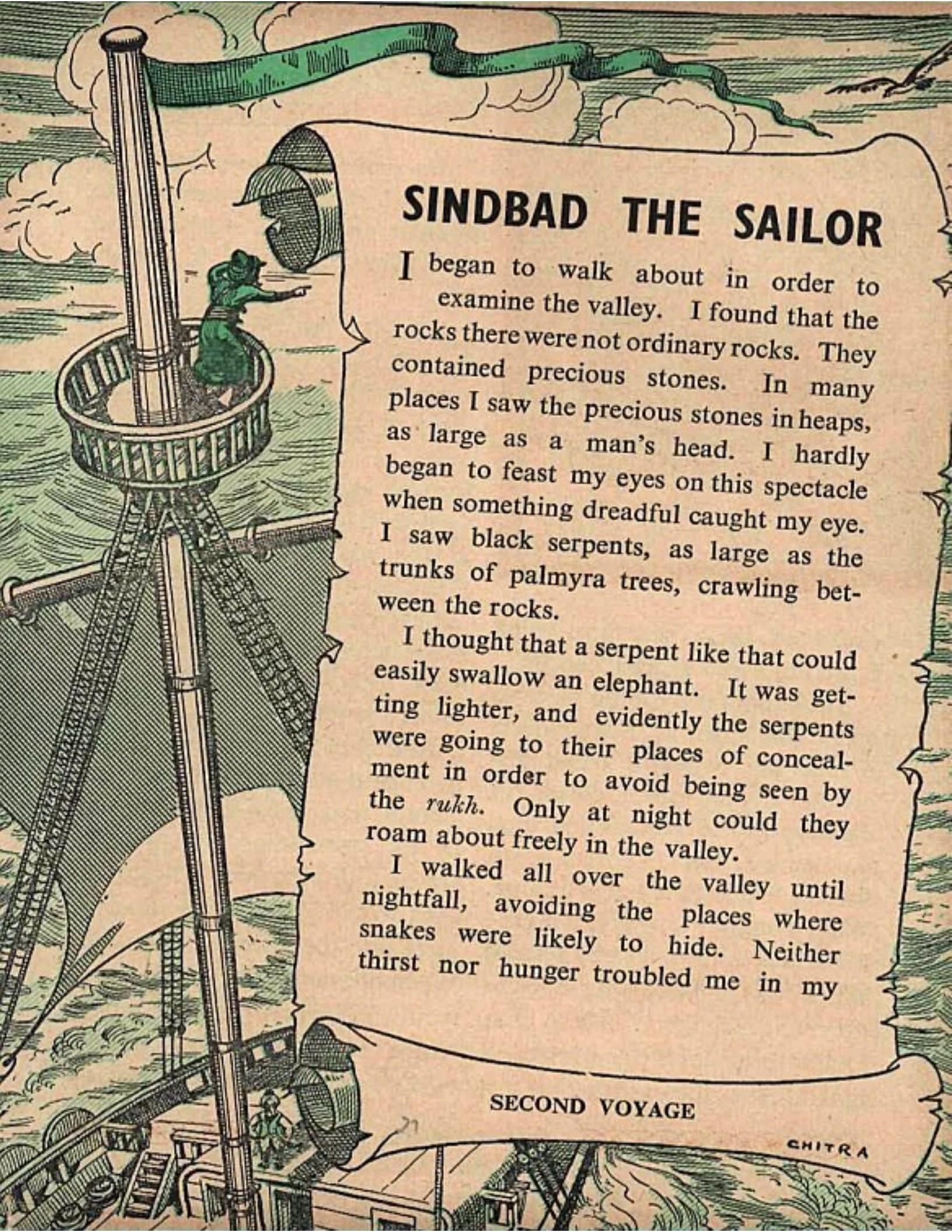
"Samarsen," Four-eyes said, "your purpose is almost accomplished. You can have the wealth for which you have come here. Vyaghra-dutt is dead. Between you and Siva-dutt you can easily take Kumbhand the Traitor prisoner. Then I hope you will all depart, leaving me and my wife in peace on this Isle of Sorcery which has no attractions for ordinary men like you."

The next day Samarsen found himself once again on his ship. Siva-dutt was returning with him to Kundalini. Kumbhand the Traitor was locked up in one of the cabins. The frightful Isle of Sorcery with its prehistoric beasts, its forests, volcanoes, sorcerers and all the other horrors, was behind him. His mission was fulfilled, though he had to go through hell for it.

Samarsen looked at the sky. The stars were shining very bright. No trace of a cloud was there. He turned to the east and heaved a sigh. There was no comet there either. The Comet had passed on.

THE END





SINDBAD THE SAILOR

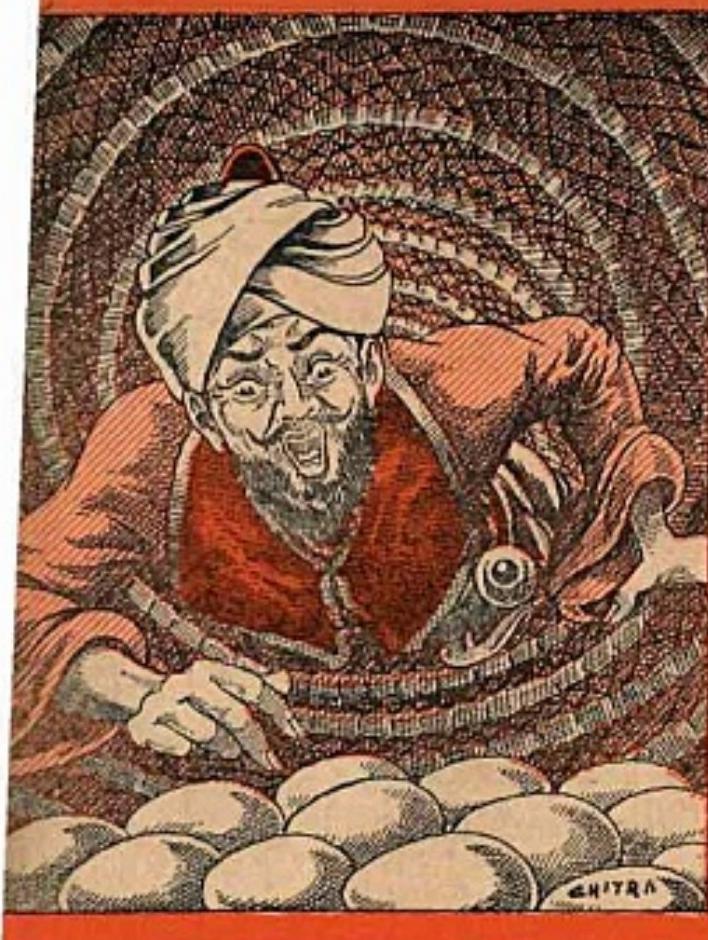
I began to walk about in order to examine the valley. I found that the rocks there were not ordinary rocks. They contained precious stones. In many places I saw the precious stones in heaps, as large as a man's head. I hardly began to feast my eyes on this spectacle when something dreadful caught my eye. I saw black serpents, as large as the trunks of palmyra trees, crawling between the rocks.

I thought that a serpent like that could easily swallow an elephant. It was getting lighter, and evidently the serpents were going to their places of concealment in order to avoid being seen by the *rukhs*. Only at night could they roam about freely in the valley.

I walked all over the valley until nightfall, avoiding the places where snakes were likely to hide. Neither thirst nor hunger troubled me in my

SECOND VOYAGE

CHITRA



dread of these serpents which I tried to avoid as best I could.

Searching for a hiding place to spend the night in, I came upon a hole into which I could just crawl. I crept into it, closed the opening with a boulder and went further in. Before I went much further I realised a terrible thing. What I crept into was not a cave but a hole in the coils of a serpent which was covering its eggs in order to hatch them. As soon as I knew this fact I got so frightened that I lost consciousness.

As soon as I got back my senses I crept out, pushed the boulder aside and stepped into the valley and found it already day.

My legs felt like rags, and I could not stand up. I was weak with hunger, thirst and want of rest. I was lucky to be alive at all. Fortunately the serpent spared me. As I stood there and looked around, I heard a slap and saw a slab of meat fallen on a rock by my side.

I gave a start and looked up to see where it came from, but I could not see the persons who threw the meat.

And then I remembered what I had heard in my childhood. Merchants who used to go hunting in the mountains for precious stones told it to me. Those persons would throw large slices of meat into the valley of diamonds. When they were lucky, the meat would fall upon precious stones which stuck to it. Then the *rukhs* would see the meat, swoop

down into the valley and pick up the meat with whatever diamonds stuck to it, and take it to their nests on the mountain peaks. Then the merchants would make frightful noises, drive away the *ruk* and collect the precious stones.

I no sooner recollect this than I figured out a way of getting out of this accursed valley. I hastily searched for the biggest gems and filled all my pockets with them. Then I removed my turban and tied up the piece of meat to my stomach, after which I lay down, looking up. Soon a bird came down, caught up the piece of meat in its claws and flew up, taking me along. The bird finally carried me to its nest. Then it tore up the piece of meat as well as my own flesh, and began to feed its young. Fortunately for me there were terrific noises around me, and the bird flew away. I stood up. My face and clothes were wet with my own blood.



Soon a merchant ran to the place, saw me and stopped in amazement. But he soon realised that I did not move, nor did I look dangerous. He took courage, came nearer and examined the piece of meat. It contained no precious stones. He lifted up his hands in horror and cried, "O Allah! I am robbed, swindled!" Then he clapped his hands.

I tried to talk to him politely, but he, on the contrary, was very rude and angry with me. "Who



are you?" he said. "You have come here to rob me of my property!"

"Have no fear, good merchant," I said to him. "I am not a thief. I did not steal your wealth. Nor am I a spirit or spectre. I am a man, a merchant too. How I happen to be here is a wondrous story. I shall tell it to you. But first take these precious stones as a friendly gift from me. I picked them in the valley of diamonds where no man

ever set foot!" As I said this I took a few of the larger gems and gave them to him.

On seeing them, he began to praise me to the skies and said, "Sir, one of these precious stones can keep me in riches all my life. I never saw such gems even with the richest merchants. I am sure, even Kings do not have them."

In the meantime, the other merchants also arrived and I told them my tale. When they heard it they were greatly surprised.



“Only Allah saved you out of that valley,” they said, “from which no human being can ever hope to come out alive!” They noticed that I was extremely weak with hunger, carried me to their camp and gave me food and drink. I was allowed to sleep there a full day and a full night.

Next morning we descended the mountain and arrived at the coast. We got into a ship and sailed to the Isle of Camphor. The entire place was covered with

very huge camphor trees. In their shade it is extremely cool even in the hottest summer, and a hundred persons can comfortably lie down in the shade of a single tree. They cut notches in the trunk of these trees and the liquid that comes out is collected in pots. Out of this liquid comes fragrant camphor.

On this isle I saw a terrible beast. It faintly resembled a rhino and was much bigger. It was taller than a camel. I saw.



on its snout a horn several cubits long. It eats leaves and herbs like a buffalo. But when it is roused even an elephant cannot stand before it. It can pierce an elephant and lift it on its horn. Soon the elephant dies and its fat flows down into the eyes of the beast and blinds it. In this condition a *ruk̄h* sees them and carries both the creatures away. On this same isle I saw a strange variety of buffalo too.

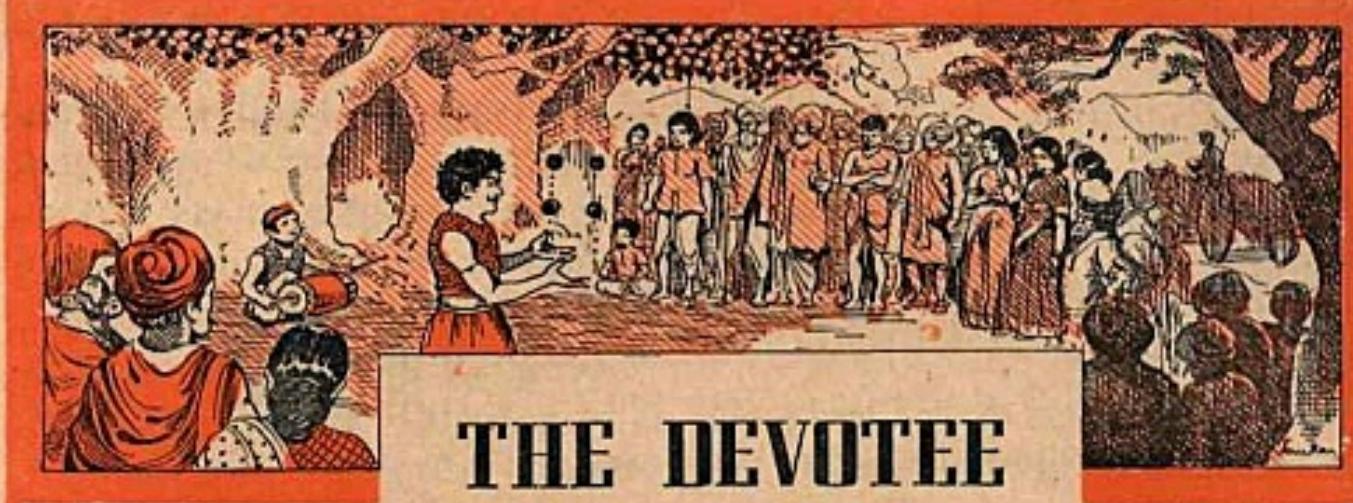
We spent a few happy days on this isle. I sold a few of my precious stones and bought gold and silver. One ship could not carry all the gold and silver. Setting sail, we went to many islands, many countries and many cities. We bought and sold wherever we halted. At last we

reached Basrah, and sailing up the river, I finally arrived at Baghdad with all my cargo, which I took home with me. All my relations and friends were very happy to see me back. Without forgetting a single person, I distributed gifts to all of them.

With fine food, costly drinks, rich dresses and ornaments, and fine beds to sleep in, I began to lead a princely life, surrounded by my closest friends.

Everyday great people used to come visiting me and listen to my account of far-off places. I would tell them what all they wanted to know. All those who heard to my strange escapades would congratulate me for coming back alive. Thus ended my second voyage.





THE DEVOTEE

IN a certain village there lived a juggler called Ganga. During part of the year, he used to go the round of neighbouring villages and entertain the villagers with his jugglery. He would stand in the public place and collect people around him with his funny talk. Then he would give his performance.

Ganga showed all his tricks at each one of his performances. He never kept anything in reserve. He would exhibit contortions of the body, play with several balls and then with knives. At the end of the show he would take whatever was given.

Ganga was the best juggler of those parts. Yet what he earned by his art could not provide him with two square

meals a day. He was always poor.

"Even if I live on like this till the end," he would say to himself, "I will not complain. There's the Mother to make me happy at least in the other world."

In Ganga's native village there was a temple of Durga. All the villages around looked upon Her with great faith and devotion. During the Dasara, several villages combined to perform Durga worship on a very grand scale. Wherever Ganga might be he was bound to return to his village in order to witness the Nine-day Worship.

Ganga was getting old. Though his jugglery was as good as ever, his income began to dwindle.

This was not to be wondered at, for because every villager for several miles around had witnessed Ganga's jugglery hundreds of times. There was no more novelty in it.

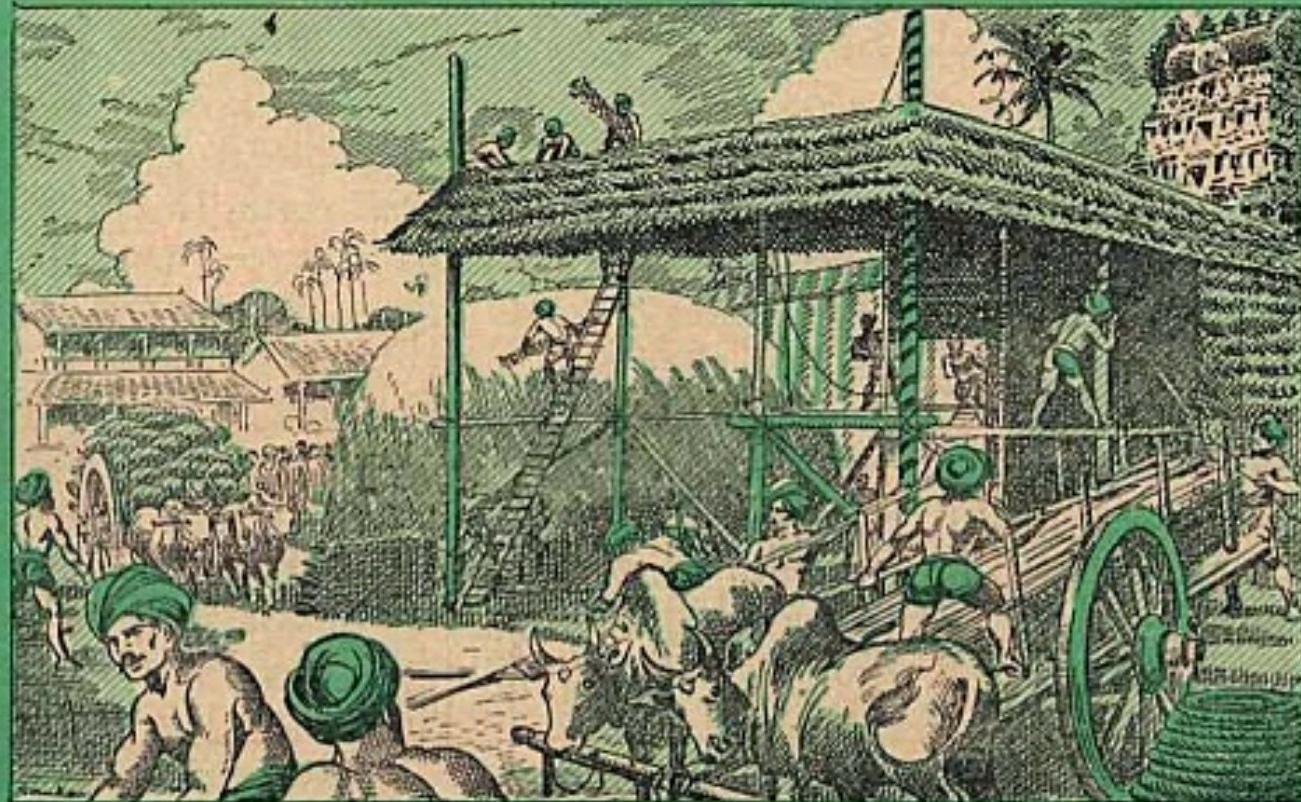
As he began to get less and less happiness in this world, he began to dream about, and believe in, the other world more and more. He began to spend less of his time in wandering and more of it in the temple yard.

One year, Dasara was at hand. Everybody in the village appeared to be busy with preparations for

the worship of Mother Durga. Vegetables and corn were arriving in carts for the mass feasts. Pandals were being erected and decorated in the temple yard.

Seeing all these activities, Ganga was beside himself with joy. "Good people!" he thought. "No wonder the Mother is kind to them! Imagine the holiness of the Brahmans who recite the prayers!"

Thinking in this vein, Ganga became sad. "What am I doing to please the Mother?" he asked himself, heaving a sigh. "There

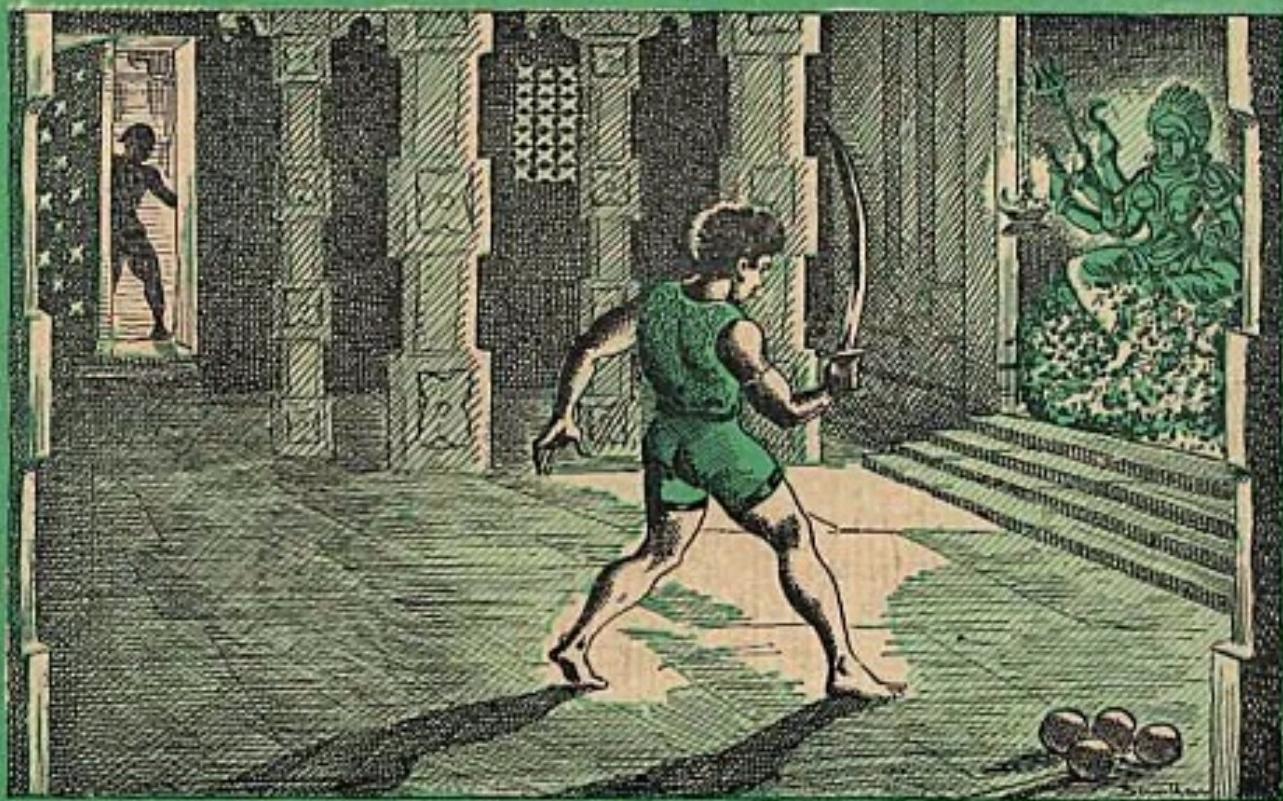


are the musicians and those who sing *bhajans*. They all serve the Mother one way or another, including the cooks and servers at the mass feasts. Unfortunate me, I alone do nothing ! ”

Soon the festival started. For nine whole days the temple was like a heaven on earth. Ganga, who witnessed the festival from beginning to end, began to regret his inability to do anything to please the Mother. On the very last day of celebrations a fine idea occurred to him, and he became happy.

That night everyone departed from the temple after worship of the goddess. The *pujari* returned to the temple in order to see if there were any more gifts to take home. The moment he opend the temple door, he saw a strange sight. There was the goddess half buried in the *kum-kum* and flowers and before Her was Ganga doing his juggler's acts with his balls and swords !

The *pujari* at once ran to the Trustee of the temple, and said, “ Sir, come and see what Ganga is doing in the temple ! ”



"What is he doing?" the Trustee asked anxiously.

"He is doing jugglery in front of the image," the *pujari* replied. "He is off his mind."

"Go and fetch the elders of the village," the Trustee told the *pujari*. Then he started for the temple alone. He pushed the door of the temple and peeped in. A shock of thrill ran through his body.

For, inside the temple, he saw Ganga lying down asleep. His head was in the lap of Goddess Durga. She was fanning the juggler with one hand and, with the other holding the end of her sari and wiping the sweat from off his face!

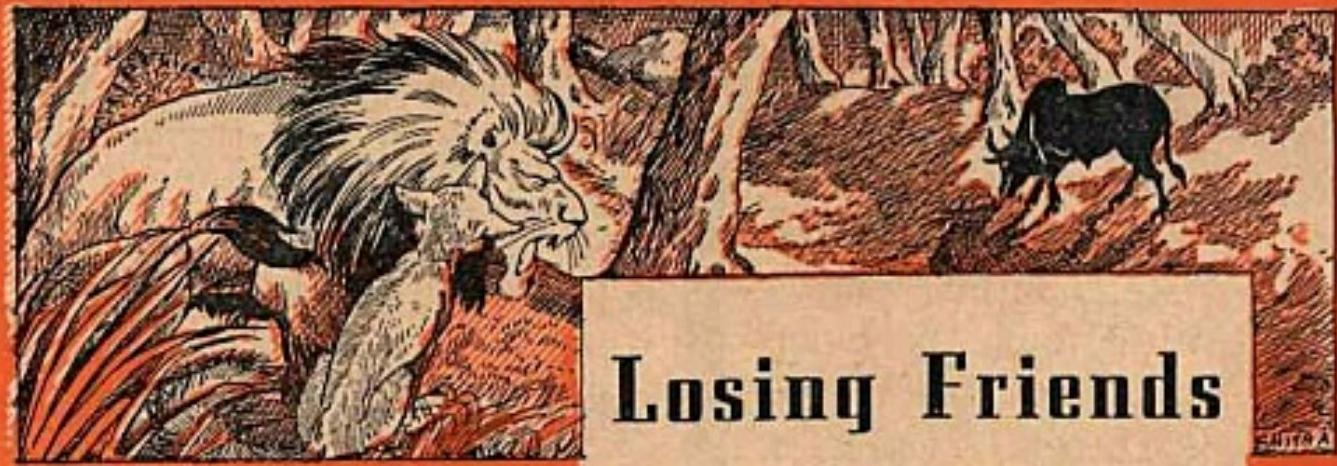
Where the image should have been, there was no image at all!

The Trustee fell prostrate near the door and began to recite a prayer. He was still in the same posture when the *pujari* returned with some Brahmans and elders. "What is up, sir?" they asked. "What happened!"

The Trustee got up. All of them entered the temple. The image was in its usual place and Ganga lay on the floor in deep sleep. The Trustee told the others what he had seen, but, of course, they could not believe him. But in the pile of *Kum-kum* there was a distinct footprint of the goddess. The end of the sari was found to be wet with sweat.

"Ah, we are all false devotees!" the Trustee said. "The only devoted child of the Mother is Ganga alone!"





Losing Friends

THEN Damanaka repaired to the haunts of Sanjivaka the Bull, and called to him, in a loud voice, thus:

"O foolish bull! Why do you keep roaring without knowing what is in store for you? The King asks for you. Make haste and come to the court."

Said Sanjivaka the Bull:

"Who is the King, sir? I don't know him. Why does he send for me? Is it a joke?"

Replied Damanaka:

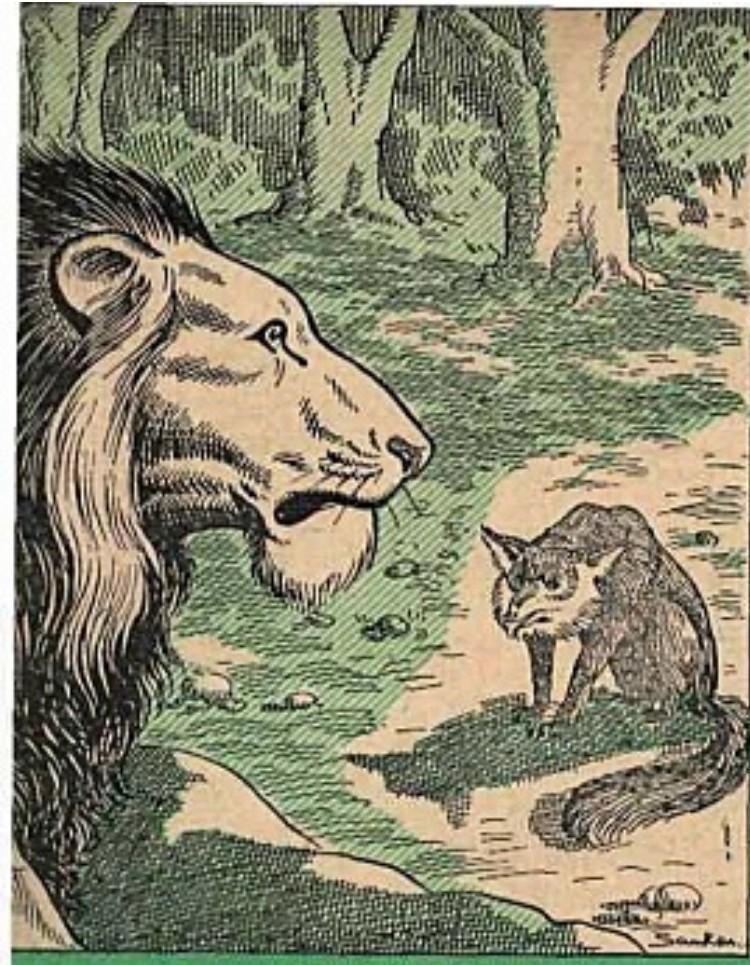
"How ignorant you are! Don't you know Pingalaka the Lion, the King of the entire forest? At present he has his court assembled under the tree. All the animals are there. So come in all humility. You will be seeing the King of Beasts with your own

eyes. If you are thinking of escaping, you had better give up the idea, for it will not work."

Having heard this, the bull shook with fear. If the lion had sent for him, it was surely a matter of life and death. The bull said meekly:

"Hurry me not, friend. You appear to be a nice fellow. Tarry a moment. Promise me first that I will come to no harm, I beg you. It is better to consider the dark side first and the bright side later. I won't go with you unless you assure me that the King will do me no harm. How do I know what he might do when I go there?"

"That is too true!" said Damanaka. "We must know the King's mind before we do



anything in his presence. We should never approach him for nothing. One can make a dash to the end of the world, to the edge of the ocean or the top of a mountain. But when one goes to meet the King, he must consider the pros and cons well. You had better wait here, while I go and find out what the King intends to do to you. I shall be back soon. Then we can both go to court together."

Then Damanaka returned to the King and said: "O King! What a magnificent beast he is!

He is the very bull which Lord Shiva himself rides! The Lord, it appears, was so pleased with him that he permitted him to graze on the banks of the Yamuna, and made a gift of this entire forest to him! What are we to do now?"

"That explains everything!" said Pingalaka the Lion. "Because he got the permission of the Lord himself, the bull could enter this region. No ordinary bull that chewed the cud could ever set foot here, in this thick forest. Could an ordinary bull roar so fearlessly? Could it roam about so boldly? Now, tell me, what did you say to him? I know you are a shrewd one!"

Said Damanaka:

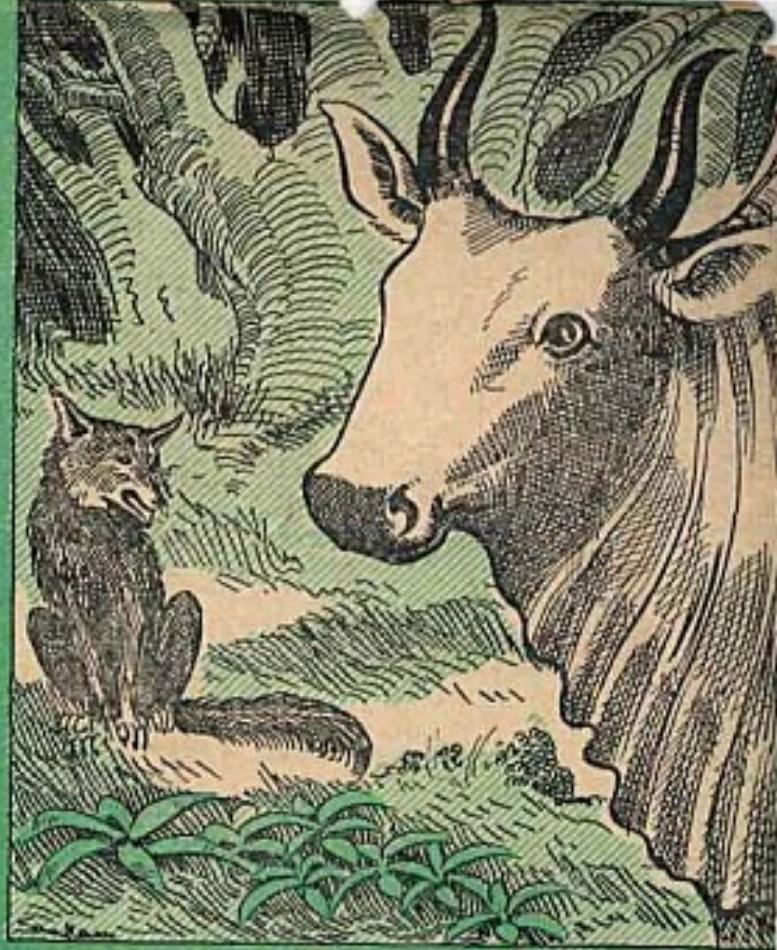
"I spoke to him thus, my lord: 'The Lord of this jungle is Pingalaka the Lion, the mount of Goddess Durga, no less! And you have entered his domain. Now you are his guest. Will you be pleased to attend his court? Be with our King for a time, eat with him, drink with him, and favour him with your

friendship.' And he did agree to what I said."

"Excellent, my dear fellow! Excellent!" said the lion. "You have done well. There is no doubt that you are very capable, indeed! Go and fetch him before it is late. Assure him of his safety and take surety of our safety from him. It is your duty. The stability of the kingdom depends on ministers like you, even as the strength of the house depends upon straight and sturdy pillars. The minister's genius is revealed in the bringing about of friendly alliances, even as the doctor's capacity is revealed at the onset of coma. So prove yourself a good minister."

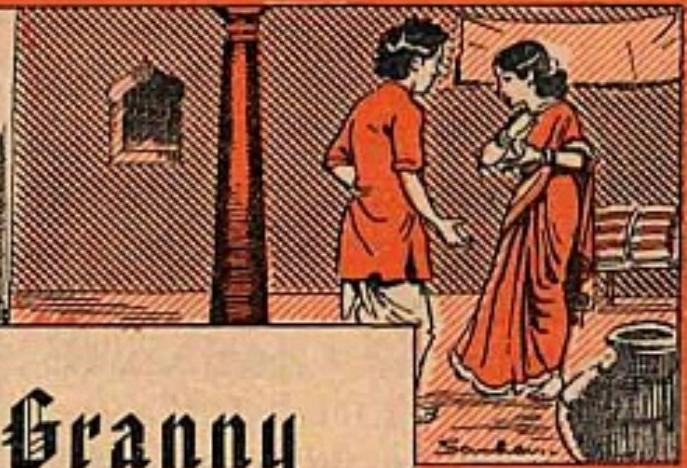
Damanaka assured the King that he would do his best and achieve the end which the King desired, took leave of him and went to Sanjivaka the Bull and spoke to him the following honeyed words:

"O friend! I have seen the King on your behalf and obtained his assurance of your safety. But, brother, let me request you one



thing, right now. Once you become the King's Companion, don't ignore me. As the Minister I shall carry out the administration to suit your wishes. We shall be friends and rule jointly. But it would not be good if you thought that the King was yours and that I did not count. You know how Dantila of old foolishly thought that the King was his friend, ignored all others and lost all!"

"Who was Dantila?" Sanjivaka the Bull asked. "What was his story? Do please tell me."



The Granny

IN Sravasti there once lived a good-natured youth called Suputhra. After his father's demise, he took great care of his widowed mother and spent all his time in looking after and making her happy, so that he had no time left to engage himself in any paying work. The mother, who noticed this, said to him, "my son, you are the male member of the house. How can you waste your time in attending upon me day and night? Get married so that your wife will look after my comforts."

To please his mother the youth got married. His wife was handsome and he loved her very much. But the wife noticed that her husband had great love for his mother too.

"If he loves me so much while he loves his mother too," she thought, "how much more his love to me would be if he stopped loving his mother!"

Then she set herself to dividing her husband and his mother. She began to complain to him against her mother-in-law.

"Your mother hates me," she would tell her husband. "I have been keeping it from you not to cause you pain. She finds fault with me for everything. If I give her hot food, she complains that it is hot. If I give her cold food, it is cold and she does not like it. While I massage her legs she complains that the pressure is too much or too little. Whatever I try to do appears to be wrong to her."

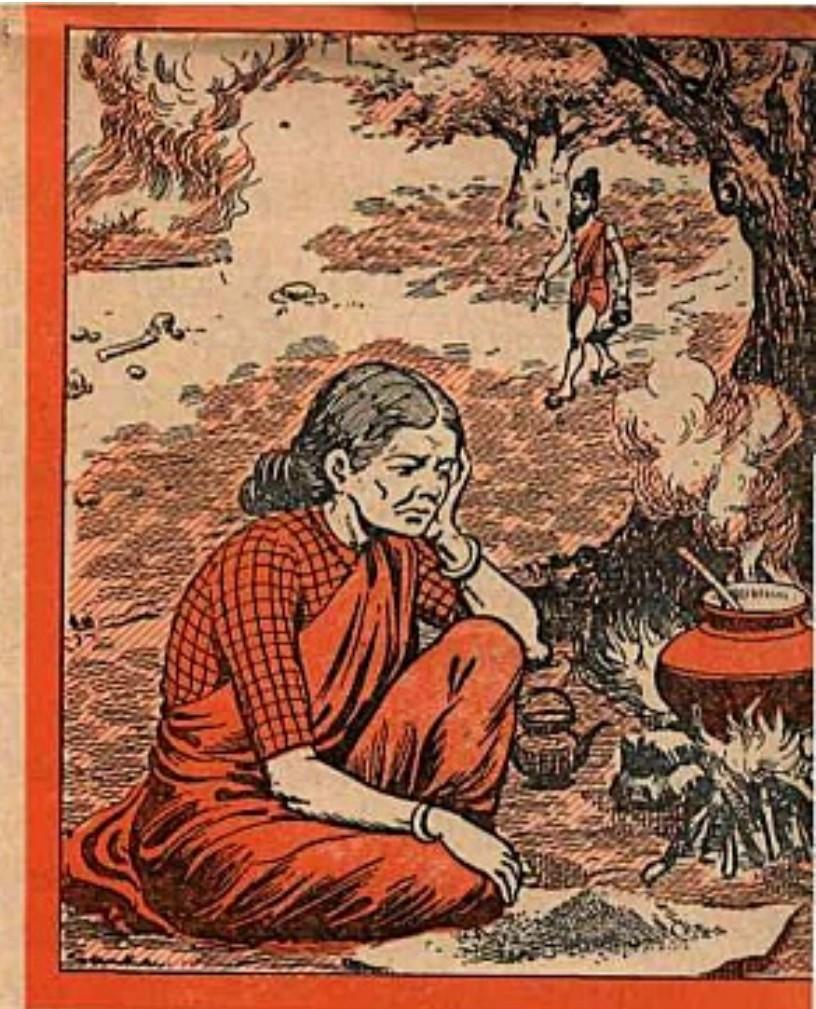
Suputhraka suspected that his mother was jealous.

"Mother," he said to the old lady, one day, "I am afraid you are not happy in this house. Would you mind going somewhere else?"

The old lady understood all. "All right, son," she replied. "I shall go!" She had relations in the same village. She went to them and began to work for them, ate what they gave her and had a miserable time.

Sometime after the departure of her mother-in-law, the daughter-in-law was with child and, after nine months, gave birth to a boy. "What can one think of my mother-in-law?" she said to her neighbours. "I was not in the family way as long as my mother-in-law was with us. But as soon as she went out, I gave birth to a fine boy!"

Some people believed the daughter-in-law. But some others went to the old lady and said to her, "See what your daughter-in-law says about you! She says she never had children while you



were living in their house. It appears she got the son because you had left!"

The old lady was furious when she heard this. "Why," she exclaimed, "there is no longer any Right in this world. Right is dead! Let me go and perform its obsequies." She took some water, rice and jinjili and went to the burial ground, made a fire and began to cook the rice.

A hermit, who happened to pass by, saw the old lady and asked her, "Why, good mother? Who is dead?"

“Don’t you know, son?” the lady replied. “Right is dead! I cook rice to feed the crows!”

“Right is dead?” the hermit said, puzzled. “Who told you?”

“No one need tell me,” the lady replied. “Has not my daughter-in-law given birth to a fine babe, after poisoning my son’s mind and driving me out? Is not Right dead?”

The hermit got the whole story out of her and said, “How dare your son and his wife treat an old lady like this? Let me destroy them at once by the power of my penance!”

Immediately the old lady got panicky, “Don’t son, don’t,” she begged the hermit. “I don’t mind their treating me ill. If they die, my grandson will be-

come a miserable orphan, my precious little one!”

The hermit marvelled at the love of the old lady for her grandson whom she had never seen.

In the meantime, news about the old lady spread over the entire village. Her son and daughter-in-law heard the news and ran to the burial-ground.

“What are you doing here, mother?” Suputhraka said to her. “Come, let us go home!”

The daughter-in-law fell at the old lady’s feet and said, “I said several foolish things out of ignorance. Please pardon me.”

The old lady melted. She returned to her son’s place and soon forgot what all had happened. She spent the rest of her days in the joy of her grandchild.





Helen of Troy

PRIAM was King of Troy in Phrygia. His wife, who was about to deliver, had a dream, one night.

In the dream, she saw a burning faggot come out of her womb and set fire to the city of Troy as well as the forests on the mountain of Ida. She awoke screaming and told her husband what she had seen in her dream.

Priam had many sons, of whom Aesacus was a seer who could foretell things. So Priam sent for him and told him about the dream.

"The one who is about to be born will be the ruin of Troy," the seer said. "Kill him at birth to avert the danger."

One day, just before nightfall, Priam's wife gave birth to a male child. Priam should have killed the child according to the advice of Aesacus. But he put the responsibility on Agelaus, his chief herdsman, who lived on Mount Ida with the flocks. Agelaus went to Troy at Priam's command, learned the King's wish and returned back with the babe.



Agelaus found himself incapable of killing the helpless babe. So he left it on the peak to die of exposure, and went home. But the babe did not die. A she-bear suckled the babe and kept it alive, protecting it from heat and cold.

When, five days later, Agelaus went to the peak he was astonished to see the babe alive and thriving. He thought it was a portent; the child was destined to live.

He waited till the she-bear left the child, took it in his wallet and brought it home. Because the child was brought in a wallet, he came to be called Paris.

Paris grew up into an intelligent, handsome and sturdy lad. As the herdsman's lad he was of the rank of a slave, but there was nothing of the slave about him.

He was still a child, when a band of robbers stole his cattle. Single-handed, Paris attacked and routed the robbers and got back his cattle.

He was fond of setting his bulls to fight one another. He used to crown the winner with flowers and the loser with straw. If he found one of his bulls defeating all the rest in his flock, he would set him against bulls belonging to other flocks and offer reward of a golden crown to the bull which could defeat his own.



While Paris looked after the flocks on Mount Ida, a certain incident took place in the abode of the gods.

Several gods and goddesses were present at a marriage feast, when Eris, the Goddess of Strife, threw down a golden apple amongst the guests. The apple was inscribed, "For the Fairest."

Hera, Athene and Aphrodite claimed the apple, and there was a dispute between them as to which one was the fairest.

None could decide as to which one of the three was the fairest. So they went to Almighty Zeus and asked him to decide the dispute between them.

"I will not give a decision," Zeus told them. "Go to Paris on Mount Ida and ask him to give his judgment."

Paris was herding his cattle on the highest peak of Ida when the three goddesses, Hera, Athene and Aphrodite went to him.



They gave him the golden apple and said, "Paris, you are handsome as well as wise. We want you to judge which one of us is the fairest, and give her this apple. This is the wish of Almighty Zeus!"

"I am a common herdsman," Paris replied. "What do I know of divine beauty? What you ask for is beyond me. If you do not mind, I can cut this apple into three equal pieces and you can each have a piece."



“No, no!” they protested. “You cannot disobey Zeus. You will be in trouble.”

“Well,” said Paris, “I shall judge between you. But you must abide by my judgment. The others, against whom I may judge in my ignorance, should not vent their anger on me. As a mortal being I may err.”

The three goddesses agreed to abide by his decision.

“So long as all the three of you are before me I cannot assess

anyone’s beauty,” Paris told them. “Go out of my sight and then come to me singly, one after the other.”

Accordingly they went away and Hera came to him first.

“Paris,” she said as she turned around so that he could examine her beauty, “If you judge me the fairest, I will make you lord of Asia. You shall be the richest man in the world.”

“Excuse me,” Paris told her, “I cannot be bribed.”



After Hera departed, Athene arrived.

"Paris," she said, "if you award me the apple, I will make you victorious in all battles. You shall be the handsomest and wisest man in the whole world."

"I am a humble herdsman, lady," Paris replied. "What have I got to do with battles?"

Aphrodite was the last to come before Paris.

"O Paris," she said, "you are the handsomest man in Phrygia!"

You are fit to marry Helen, the daughter of the King of Sparta, the most beautiful woman in the whole world."

"I never heard of her," Paris said.

"Never heard of Helen?" Aphrodite asked him in surprise. "Why, all the princes of Greece came wooing her. But she married Menelaus, brother of the High King Agamemnon. You can have her if you want."

"How is that possible?" Paris





asked the goddess. "You said that she was married!"

"What of it?" Aphrodite asked, laughing. "I can make her fall in love with you the moment she sets eyes on you. Then she will be ready to leave her home, her husband and everything and follow you anywhere!"

"Is Helen really so beautiful?" Paris asked her.

"Why," Aphrodite replied, "I should say that she is not at all inferior to me in beauty."

Well, will you swear that you will manage to make her my wife?" Paris asked.

Aphrodite swore, and Paris gave her the golden apple. Naturally, the other two goddesses were very angry with Paris. But they had promised to abide by his decision and they had to contain their anger.

Helen was indeed a remarkably beautiful and graceful woman. Actually she was the daughter of Zeus and Leda. She was reputed to have been hatched out of a swan's egg. Tyndareus, the King of Sparta, brought her up as his own daughter.

When Helen grew to womanhood, all the princes of Greece went to Sparta with gifts as her suitors. Among them were Diomedes, Menelaus, Ajax, Odysseus and others. Odysseus alone went empty handed. He knew that he would never get the chance to marry Helen.

Tyndareus was in a fix. He could not give Helen to anyone because, if he did, the others might begin quarrelling. So he did not make a decision against any suitor, nor did he accept anyone's gifts.

Odysseus, who knew that he had no chance, made a proposition to Tyndareus. "I know you are in a great fix," he said. "If you help me in an affair, I will tell you how to get out of the fix."

"What is the help you want from me?" Tyndareus asked Odysseus. "And how do you propose to get me out of my present trouble?"

"Help me to marry Penelope, daughter of your brother, Icarus," Odysseus said. "I will tell you how to find a husband for your daughter without enraging the other suitors."

"I shall get you Penelope for wife. Tell me what I should do about Helen," Tyndareus asked Odysseus.



"Send for all the suitors of Helen and make them swear that they would go to the aid of her future husband against those who may resent his fortune. Then Helen can safely marry anyone," Odysseus said.

Tyndareus liked this suggestion very much.

He sent for all the Greeks and said to them, "You have all come to marry Helen. But she can marry only one among you. When she marries him, anyone

from among the rest may try to attack him. Should that happen, you must swear that you will all go to the help of Helen's husband."

All the suitors took oath as suggested by Tyndareus. Then Menelaus was selected Helen's husband and they were married. Sometime later, Tyndareus died and Menelaus became King of Sparta.

Penelope, the daughter of Icarius, was married to Odysseus at Sparta at the time Helen's marriage took place.

Icarius said to Odysseus, "I cannot live away from my daughter. Please stay here in Sparta!" But Odysseus refused.

He put Penelope in his chariot and began to ride away to

Ithaca. Icarius, like a mad man, ran behind the chariot, crying, "O my daughter! Do not leave me! Do not go away from me!"

After a time, Odysseus got irritated.

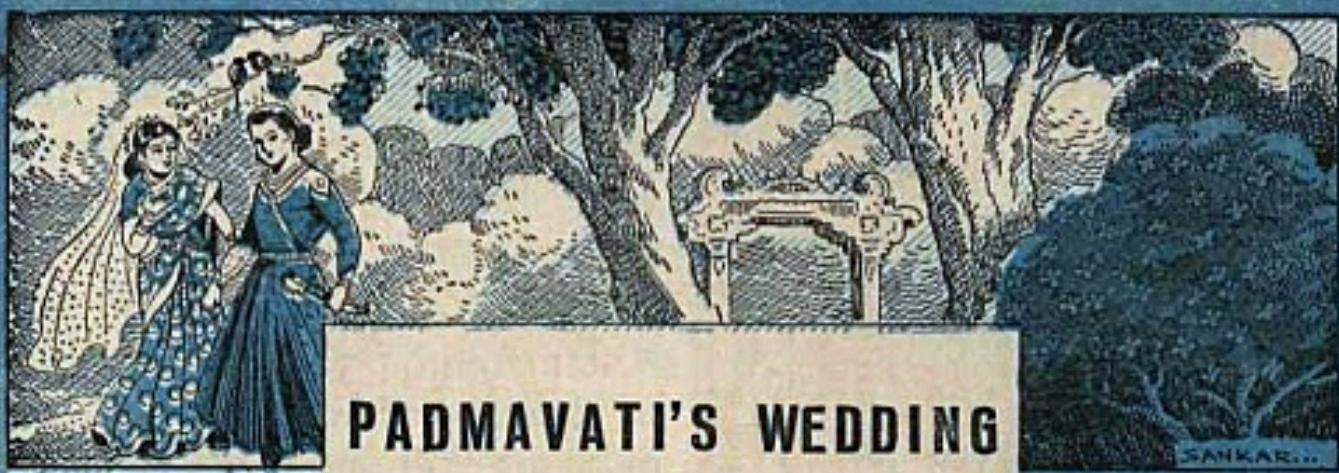
He turned to his wife and said, "What is all this? Either come with me, or return back to your father!"

Penelope did not say anything. For a reply, she pulled the veil over her face.

Now Icarius realised that his daughter's duty was to go to her husband's place. Where this incident took place he got a statue of his daughter erected. Even today the statue, called Modesty, can be seen about four miles from the city of Sparta.

(To be continued)





PADMAVATI'S WEDDING

KING Udayana of Vatsa belonged to the great Lunar race, and was a descendant of the Pandavas. His Minister, Yougandharayana, helped him to marry Vasava-datta, the charming Princess of Ujjain. Udayana was always a pleasure-loving man who was very fond of music and chase. Now that he had a very attractive wife, he began to neglect the affairs of the state altogether. Yougandharayana the Minister and Rumanvantha the Commander-in-chief bore the entire burden of state.

Once the Lunar Kings had ruled the entire Bharat, with Hasthinapur (now Delhi) as their capital. But by Udayana's time what all was left of the empire was the tiny Vatsa Land. And

if the King continued to waste his time in pleasures this too would be lost; that was what Yougandharayana feared. One night the Minister invited Rumanvantha to dine with him, and they fell to discussing politics.

Yougandharayana had already thought of a plan for the betterment of the state. The main part of the plan was to get King Udayana to marry the Princess of Magadha for a second wife. Without this alliance, Udayana could not extend his territory. For Magadha was a neighbouring country, and Pradyota, its King, was a traditional enemy of Udayana. Once he became an ally through the marriage of his daughter to Udayana, Yougandharayana could proceed with



the plans for expanding Udayana's Empire.

Yougandharayana had sent messengers to King Pradyota, proposing marriage between King of Vatsa and the Princess of Magadha. But King Pradyota turned down the offer, saying, "I hear that your King is very fond of his Queen, Vasava-datta. I cannot give my daughter in marriage to him."

That was true enough. King Udayana would not care to marry another wife so long as Vasava-datta was by his side.

Yougandharayana was sure that, unless the King and the Queen were separated, his plans would not bear fruit.

Now Yougandharayana told Rumanvantha that he proposed to create evidence of Vasava-datta's death and make the King marry Princess Padmavati. Vasavadatta would be in hiding till the marriage took place.

Rumanvantha was shocked to hear this plan.

"Why," he said, "the King may lose his reason, or even his life, if he hears that Vasava-datta is dead! Moreover," he added, "we must obtain Vasava-datta's assent first. If you ask me, Gopal, her brother, also should be taken into confidence."

Yougandharayana assured the Commander-in-Chief that he would put the plan into operation in such a way that no one would come to any grief. He sent for Gopal, told him everything, and obtained his permission to go ahead with the plan.

Then the Minister went to King Udayana and said, "My Lord,

let us go on an excursion to Lavanaka on the border. It is a lovely place with marvellous hunting grounds. I hear that the King of Magadha is menacing our people on the border. The matter has to be looked into."

So King Udayana started for Lavanaka along with his Queen Vasava-datta, her brother Gopal, Yougandharayana the Minister, Vasanthaka the Court Fool, besides the usual retinue.

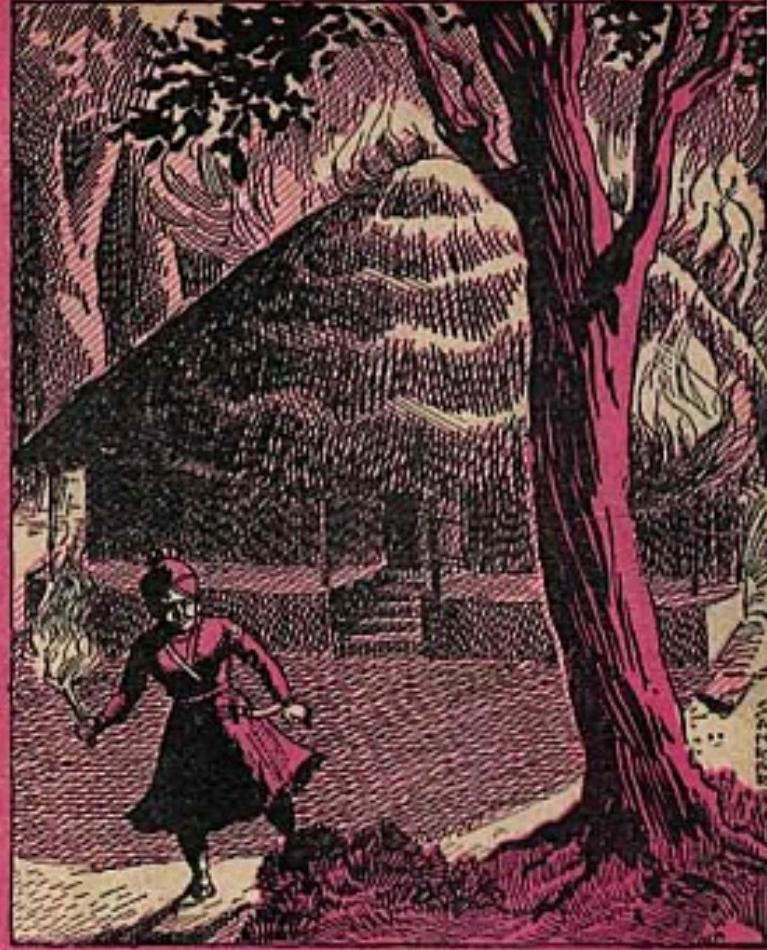
One day, when the King was hunting very far from his camp, the Minister told Queen Vasava-datta what he proposed to do. The Queen could not bear the thought of her lord undergoing the sorrow of her supposed death, nor could she bear his separation herself, even though it was only for a while. Yet she gave her assent because of her great respect for the Minister, and, also, because of the hope that she would be assisting her lord in extending his Empire.

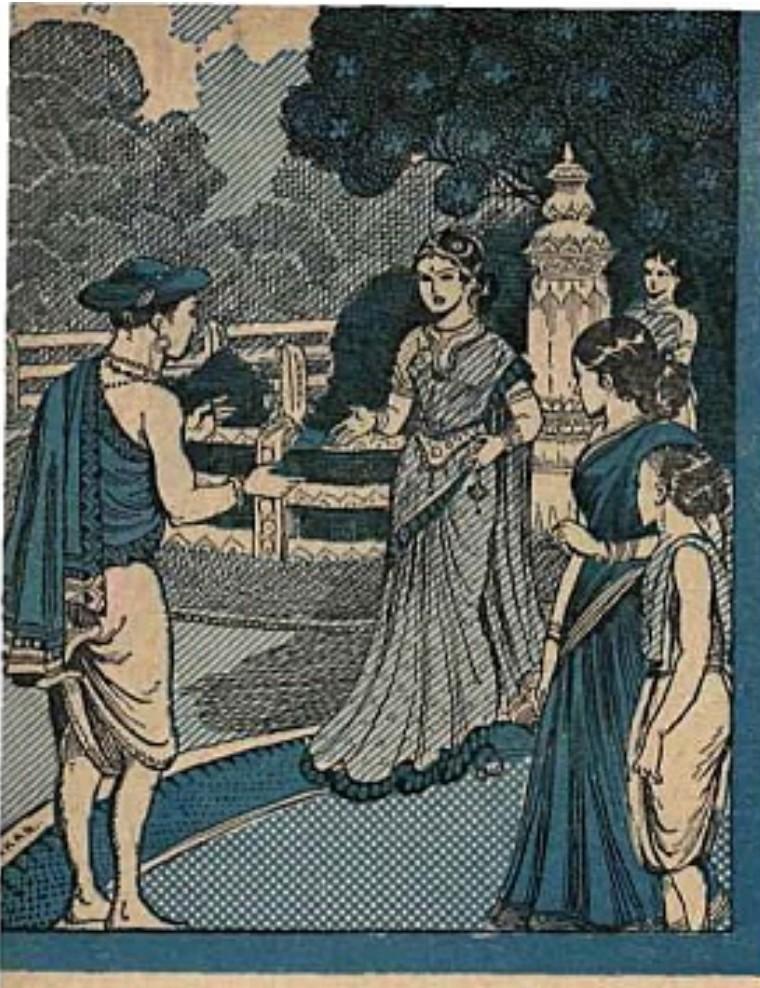
The Minister asked Vasava-datta to dress herself up like a Brahman lady. He made himself

up like a very old Brahman, while Vasanthaka put on the disguise of an one-eyed Brahman bachelor. Then the three crossed the border and went towards Magadha.

After their departure, Rumanvantha set fire to the residence of the Queen. By the time the fire attracted everyone, and a huge crowd gathered there, the residence was completely burnt down.

It was then announced that both Vasava-datta and Vasanthaka died in the fire.





The King returned from his hunting, heard the frightful news and fell down in a swoon. When he regained consciousness later, he wanted to lose himself in grief for his dead Queen. But, seeing that Gopal was containing his grief for his sister very well, he too had to do the same.

In the meantime, the Minister, the Queen and Vasanthaka, who were all in disguise, reached the Royal Gardens. They met Princess padmavati there.

"My Lady," the Minister said to the Princess, "these are my son

and daughter. Her name is Avanthika. Her husband, who was given to all sorts of vices, has left her and gone away. I request you to keep my daughter and son with you while I go and search for my son-in-law."

Padmavati took pity on Vasavadatta, seeing how handsome and, at the same time, how pitiful she was. She promised to look after her. Yougandharayana went away.

Accompanied by Vasanthaka, Vasava-datta followed the Princess to her royal residence. Her heart was full of grief on account of her seperation from her lord. But, in the palace, she saw a painting of Sita, wife of Rama, and thought, "What is my grief compared to *hers*?"

Yougandharayana waited for a few days and then sent word to the King of Magadha: "Since the sad demise of our Queen, our King Udayana is plunged in sorrow. I request you to give your daughter, Princess Padmavati, to him in marriage and assuage his sorrow."

This time the King of Magadha made no objections. He was proud to have Udayana for his son-in-law. The wedding was arranged to take place after a week. This news made Padmavati as happy as it made Vasavadatta miserable.

"Madam," Vasanthaka said to her, "this is no time for grief. This marriage is gaining us a great ally. As for the King, his love for you will never alter."

King Udayana arrived for the wedding in time. The marriage ritual took place in the traditional manner, sanctified by fire. Yougandharayana made the King of Magadha swear eternal friendship with the King of Vatsa.

While the entire palace was full of gaiety and jubilation, poor Vasavadatta retired to an obscure corner.

At the end of the celebrations, King Udayana went to Lavanaka with his new bride. Vasavadatta was among those who accompanied the bride.

Though Udayana married Princess Padmavati he was nei-



ther in love with her, nor could he forget Vasavadatta. Vasavadatta noticed this and, in order to make him fall in love with Padmavati, she decorated her and did her hair exactly as she used to do for herself. She then sent Padmavati to Udayana's chamber and went away to her brother Gopal's lodge. There the brother and sister embraced and shed tears.

When Padmavati stepped into his chamber, King Udayana noticed the way she was decorated, and was amazed.



“Who got you up like this?” he asked her.

Padmavati was surprised at the question. She told him about the old Brahman’s daughter, Avanthika.

“The old man left his daughter with me. She is very clever at such things. It was she who decorated me,” she said.

“Where is she now?” Udayana asked anxiously.

Padmavati sent her maids to bring Avanthika, but they came back, saying that she had gone to Gopal’s lodge.

“Then, go to the lodge and tell her that I want her at once,” Padmavati said to her maids.

The moment Udayana heard that Avanthika had gone to Gopal’s lodge, his suspicion turned into certainty. He at once

went to Gopal’s lodge and found Vasava-datta there, to his immense joy.

Yougandharayana offered his apologies to the King.

“Your Highness must pardon me for this deception,” he said. “I did everything in order to obtain the alliance of Magadha and to extend your Empire.”

“On the contrary,” said King Udayana, “I must thank you, sir, for looking after the State and protecting it from danger, while I was occupied otherwise. I am really grateful to you for what all you have done.”

After finding Vasava-datta again, Udayana found out how noble padmavati was not only in her love for himself, but also in her regard to Vasava-datta. He lived happily with both of his wives.



THE LONE MOURNER

ONCE there was a very wicked King. He was hated by one and all of his subjects. The palace servants dreaded him like death.

After a time, the King died, and everyone was happy. The Prince was a very good person. People rejoiced that they were going to get a good king in the place of a bad one. They got up large scale celebrations in which the new King also took part.

As he was about to start and go in procession, the new King saw one of the palace guards shedding tears. He called the guard near and asked him, "When everyone is happy, why do you weep? Are you sorry that the old King is dead?"

"No. Sire!" the guard replied. "Every morning, when he came down the stairs, the King used to give me eight strokes on the head, for no reason at all. When such a person goes to Hell, the devils there will not be able to stand him. I am weeping that they may send him back!"

At these words, not only the King, but everyone standing near, burst into laughter.





The Two Dreams

IN a certain country there was a very rich man. He was also a great miser. He remained a bachelor because he did not want to have children to share his wealth. He engaged a man to cook for him, but he never ate a full meal, nor did he let the cook have one.

It was the Festival of Lights. Without the knowledge of the master, the cook prepared several special dishes for himself as well as his master. The master sat at the table and was astounded to see all those preparations. "Why on earth did you prepare all these things?" he asked the cook.

"The Festival comes but once a year, sir," the cook replied.

"Of course, of course!" said the master. The dishes were

really so nice that he did not want the cook to eat them. So he himself consumed most of the preparations.

In spite of all his efforts, he could not eat the *jilebi*. His belly was absolutely full. But he did not want the cook either to eat it. So he said, "This *jilebi* will taste much better tonight. Let us not eat it now."

The night came, but the master did not feel the slightest appetite. He said to the cook, "Listen, we will not eat this *jilebi* now. Let us go to sleep and see which one will get the better dream. We will compare our dreams and whoever gets the more delightful dream shall eat the *jilebi*. Agreed?"

"Very good, sir," the cook replied.

The master went to bed with a light heart. He was bound to get back his appetite in the morning. He could claim that he had an unusually delightful dream, and eat the *jilebi*.

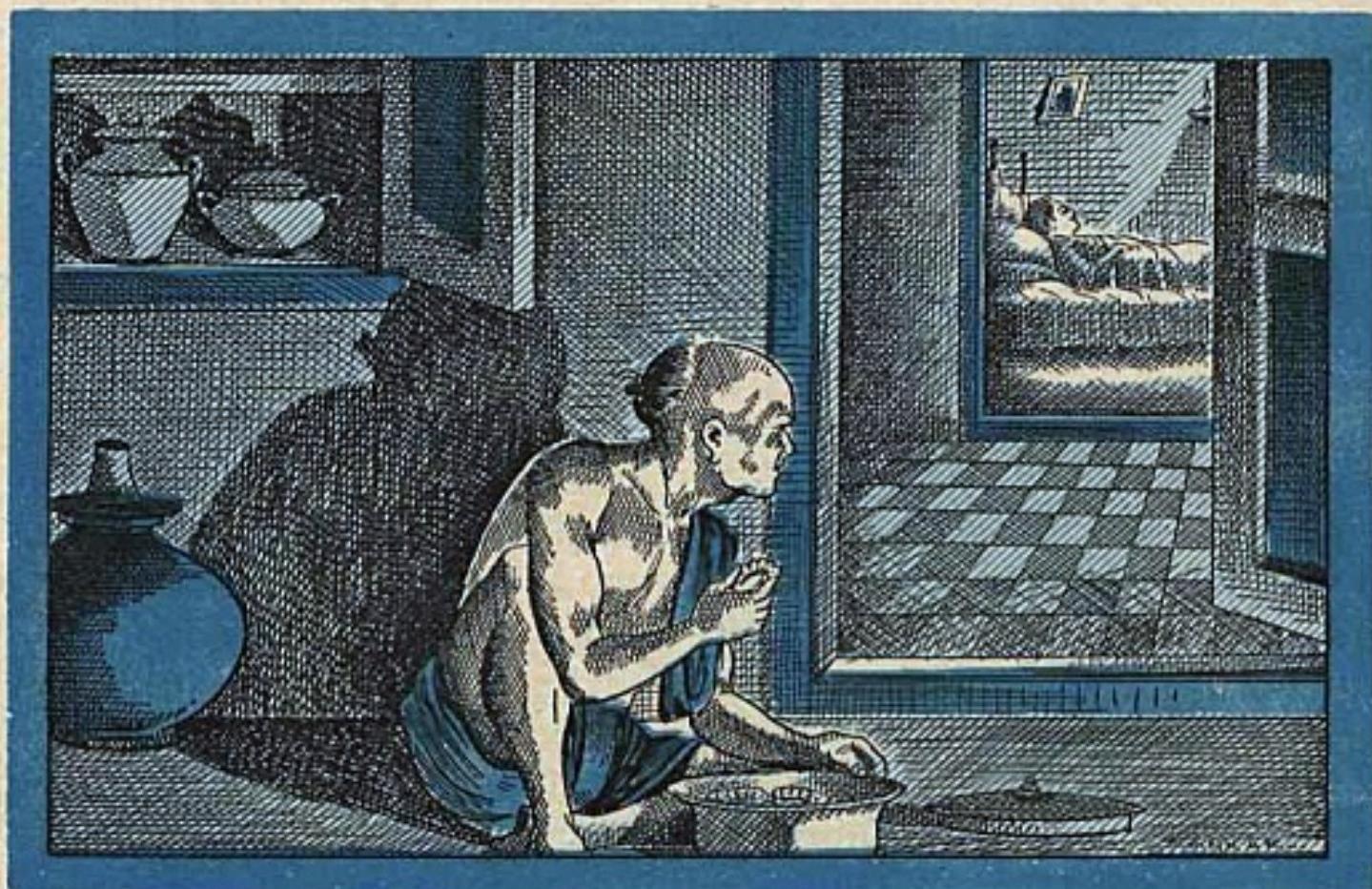
As soon as the cook heard his master start snoring, he went into the kitchen, ate all the *jilebi*, and then went to bed.

The master woke up in the morning. He felt that he was reasonably hungry. He called his cook and asked him, "Well, what sort of dream did you have last night?"

"Sir," the cook replied, "I had the most frightful dream."

The master was very happy. "I had a marvellous dream," he said. "The King gave his daughter to me in marriage and crowned me King. I sat in the durbar amidst all the attendants and courtiers. Dancers were dancing before me. Oh, it was all so splendid! But" he added, "you did not tell me about your dream."

"Sir" said the cook, with a sad face, "the moment I fell asleep, Mother Kali jumped in



front of me, roaring fearfully, 'You wretch! Eat up the *jilebi* at once, or I will strangle you this minute! I was perspiring and shuddering with fear. 'O Mother,' I said to Her, 'I may not eat that *jilebi*! I and my master made a pact that whoever got the better dream should eat it. Mother please! Press me not to eat the *jilebi*!' But she would not listen to me. 'Right now you are going into that kitchen,' she said, 'and eating the *jilebi*, as I tell you. If you refuse,' she said, 'I'll eat you!' Well, sir, I did not like being eaten. So I had to eat the *jilebi*!"

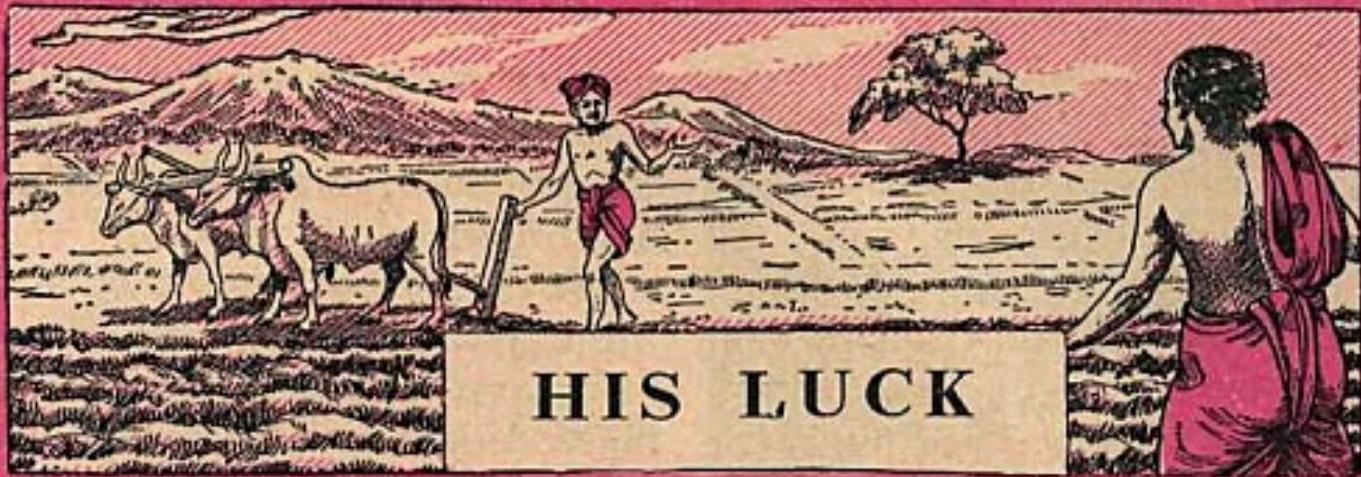
The master was irritated. "If, as you say," he said, "Mother Kali did make all that fuss, how was it that I did not wake up for the noise? I was sleeping in the

next room, you know. In any case, you should have shouted for me, so that I came to your rescue. Why did you not call me, wretch?"

"I did think of seeking your help, sir," the cook replied, smiling. "I looked for you, sir. But where were you? On the throne, in that big durbar, with all those great people around you, the queen by your side, and the dancers dancing! when I at last picked up enough courage to approach you, your guards pushed me away! They would not let me come near you."

The cook proved too clever for his master who felt quite ashamed of his own stupid trick. After that, the master not only ate well, but he also let his cook eat square meals.





HIS LUCK

IN a certain village there were two brothers. Both were married.

The Elder's wife came of a poor family, while the Younger's came from a rich one. Naturally, they were always at loggerheads.

"I am the Elder's wife," the poor girl would say. "You must obey me."

"I am of a noble family," the younger brother's wife said. "I have the right to order you."

There was no way of reconciling the two women. So the brothers separated. Gradually the elder brother's family grew in size, expenses increased, and he fell on evil days. At the same time, the younger brother thrived and prospered.

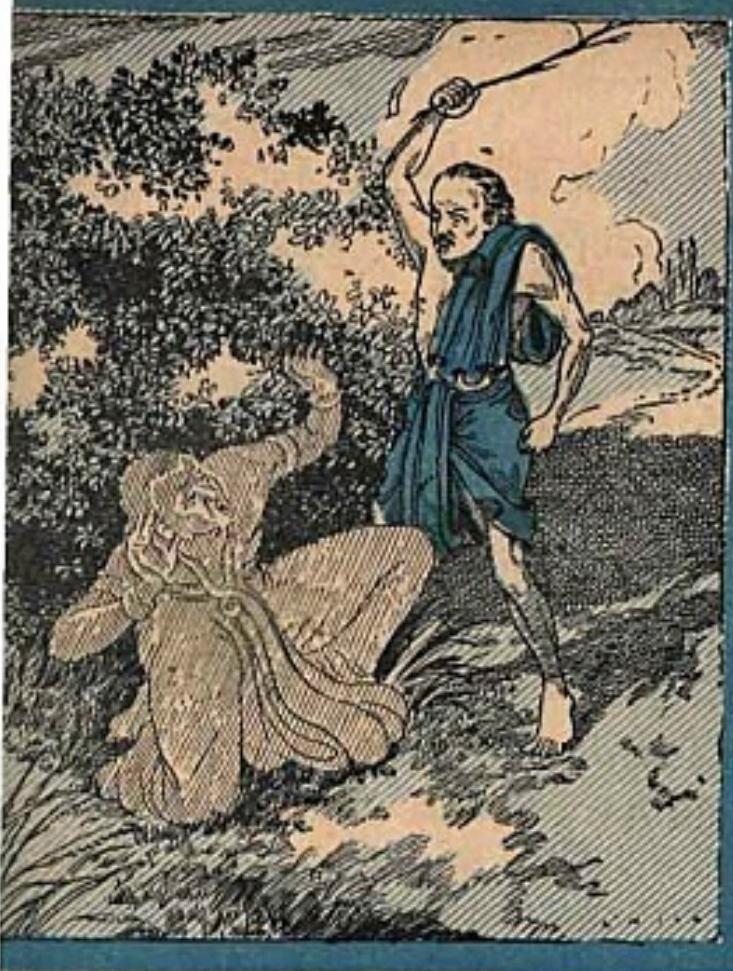
One day the Elder went to his younger brother and asked him for the loan of his oxen for a couple of days in order to till his land.

"Go to my farm," the Younger said. "you will find my oxen there. Take one pair today, and another tomorrow. Don't tire them out. Tell the farmhands that I am permitting you to take the oxen."

The Elder went to the younger's farm and was surprised to see a strange person tilling the field.

"This field belongs to my brother," he told the stranger. "Who are you? Why are you working on this field?"

"Don't you know me?" the other replied. "I am your brother's Luck. While your brother



sits comfortably at home, I cultivate his farm for him."

"Really?" the Elder exclaimed.
"What about *my* Luck, then?"

"Ah, he is a lazy lout!" the other replied. "Do you see that bush there? He lies behind that bush and sleeps all the time. That is why you are so poor. Go and wake him up, if you can."

"How dare he do this to me?" the Elder said.

He armed himself with a strong twig, went up to the bush, and saw his Luck sleeping like a log of wood.

After a couple of strokes, the sleeper awoke and cried, "Don't chastise me for nothing! What harm have I done to you?"

"Is it not enough that you waste your time in lazy sleep, while your brother there works in the field industriously?" the Elder shouted, threatening to thrash his Luck some more.

"Stop, stop!" the other protested. "I am quite ignorant about this cultivation. If it were to be trade, I could show you what I am capable of!"

"Trade?" the Elder asked, puzzled. "How can I trade? I have no capital. What am I to trade with?"

"I am your capital!" the other replied. "I will get you huge profits, whatever you trade in. If you have faith in me, shift to the city at once."

The Elder packed all his things. When he was about to leave his house with his wife, he heard a weeping sound from the ceiling of his house. He lifted up his head and saw an ugly woman clinging to the beam.

“Who are you, woman?” the Elder asked. “When did you enter this house and why are you weeping?”

“I have been always in this house, my son,” she replied. “You see, I am your Ill-luck. I had such a happy time with you, and now you are going away. It is so cruel on your part to leave me.” She began to wail.

“Is that you, Auntie!” the Elder said. “How can I go without you? I can’t! Now, enter this box, and I shall take you away with me.”

He emptied a wooden box. His Ill-luck jumped down into the box.

The Elder closed the box, locked it, took it into his backyard, dug a deep pit and buried the box in it.

“Stay there forever!” he said. “Don’t you ever let me see you again!”

Then he moved to the city with his wife and children.

In the city he sold away all his old clothes. Luckily he got good money for them. With the money he bought new clothes and



again sold them for a good profit. Whenever he made a transaction he doubled his money, till he became an extremely rich man.

The Younger learned that his brother, who had gone to the city, acquired great wealth, and he went to see him.

"Brother," he said to the Elder, "how did you manage to acquire so much wealth in such a short time?"

"It was quite easy!" the Elder replied. "I saw my Ill-luck clinging to the beam of my house. I put her in a box and buried her a fathom deep, by the side of the well. Then onwards my luck turned."

The younger was jealous of his brother's good fortune. He took leave of the Elder and went straight to his old house. He dug

up the box, broke the lock and let Ill-luck out.

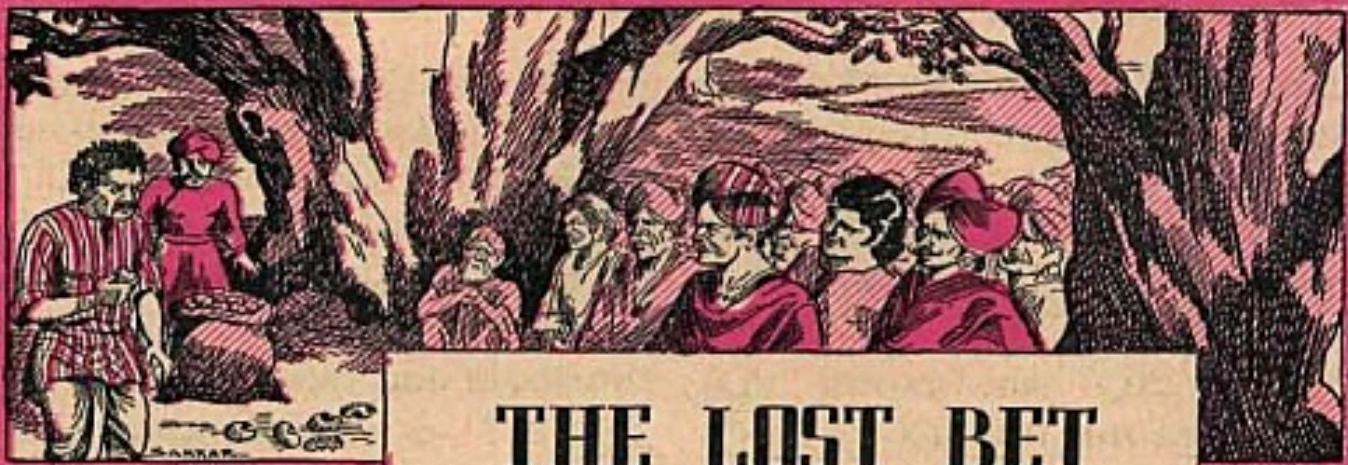
"Thank you, my son!" said the ugly dame. With great agility she sprang up and jumped on to his neck.

"Get down, fool!" the younger shouted. "I am not your man. He is in the city."

"Don't utter that scoundrel's name!" the ugly woman said. "He makes me sick! You are so kind, so charitable! I will never, never part from you!"

The younger was cruelly punished for his jealousy. He never could throw off the Ill-luck which got upon his shoulders. He lost all his wealth. When he went to live with his in-laws, they treated him with indifference. Finally he ran away and became a mendicant.





THE LOST BET

ONE day a vendor came along a village street with a sack of cucumbers. An idler stopped the vendor and began to ask him all sorts of impertinent questions.

The vendor got vexed. "Go away," he said. "You don't mean to buy."

The idler was touched to the quick.

"Ah, you don't know me," he said. "Settle the price, I'll eat the entire lot of cucumbers."

"Even if four persons share them with you, you can't eat them," said the vendor.

"What will you bet?" the idler challenged.

"If you eat all these cucumbers here," the vendor said, "I'll present you with a *laddu* that won't pass through a door-way."

"I'll bet ten repees that you can't!" the idler retorted.

"You must eat the cucumbers first, you know," the vendor reminded him.

"Put the sack down!" the idler said. He took out each cucumber, bit it and threw it away.

"Are you trying to be funny?" the vendor asked the idler.

"No fun at all," the idler replied. "I ate *all* the cucumbers!"

"Do you call that eating?" the vendor demanded.

"Try to sell them to anyone," the idler replied. "You'll be told that they are all *eaten*."

By now, a large crowd gathered round them. Everyone agreed that the cucumbers were "*eaten*". The vendor accepted his defeat,

picked up his sack, and was about to go away, when the idler stopped him and asked him, "How about that *laddu* you promised me? I made a bet about that too."

"How do you expect that poor man to produce a *laddu* that won't pass through a door-way?" the onlookers said to the idler. "Take a rupee by way of compensation, and let him off."

"Oh, no!" the idler said. "The bet is ten rupees."

"Don't worry," the vendor said to the idler. "I'll get you a *laddu* that won't pass through a door-way." He stepped up to a sweets-shop and bought an ordinary *laddu* for a half-anna.

"Is this the *laddu* that won't pass through a door-way?" the idler asked.

"Of course, it is," the vendor replied. "Choose any door-way you please. I'll demonstrate."

The crowd moved to the nearest door-way. The vendor placed the *laddu* behind the threshold and said, "Pass!"

"See?" said the vendor triumphantly to the crowd, "it won't pass through the door-way."

The idler got wild at this. But the onlookers said, "What the vendor says is correct."

"So you say!" the idler mumbled, and tried to get away. But the vendor stopped him and said, "You have lost the bet, you know. Pay me the ten rupees."

The idler was made to pay the amount. The vendor lost his cucumbers but he did make a profitable bargain after all.



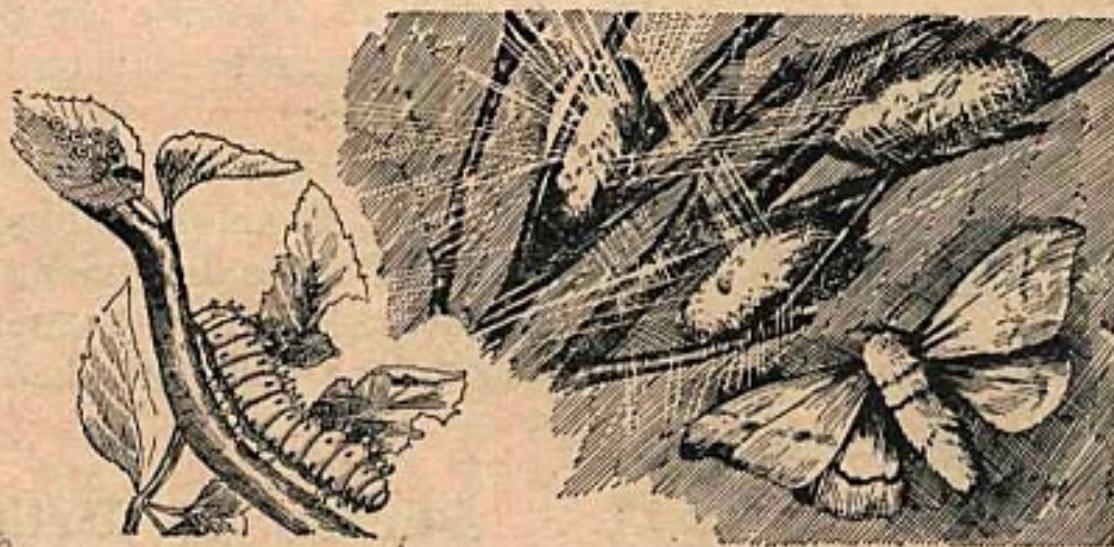
THE LIFE OF A MOTH

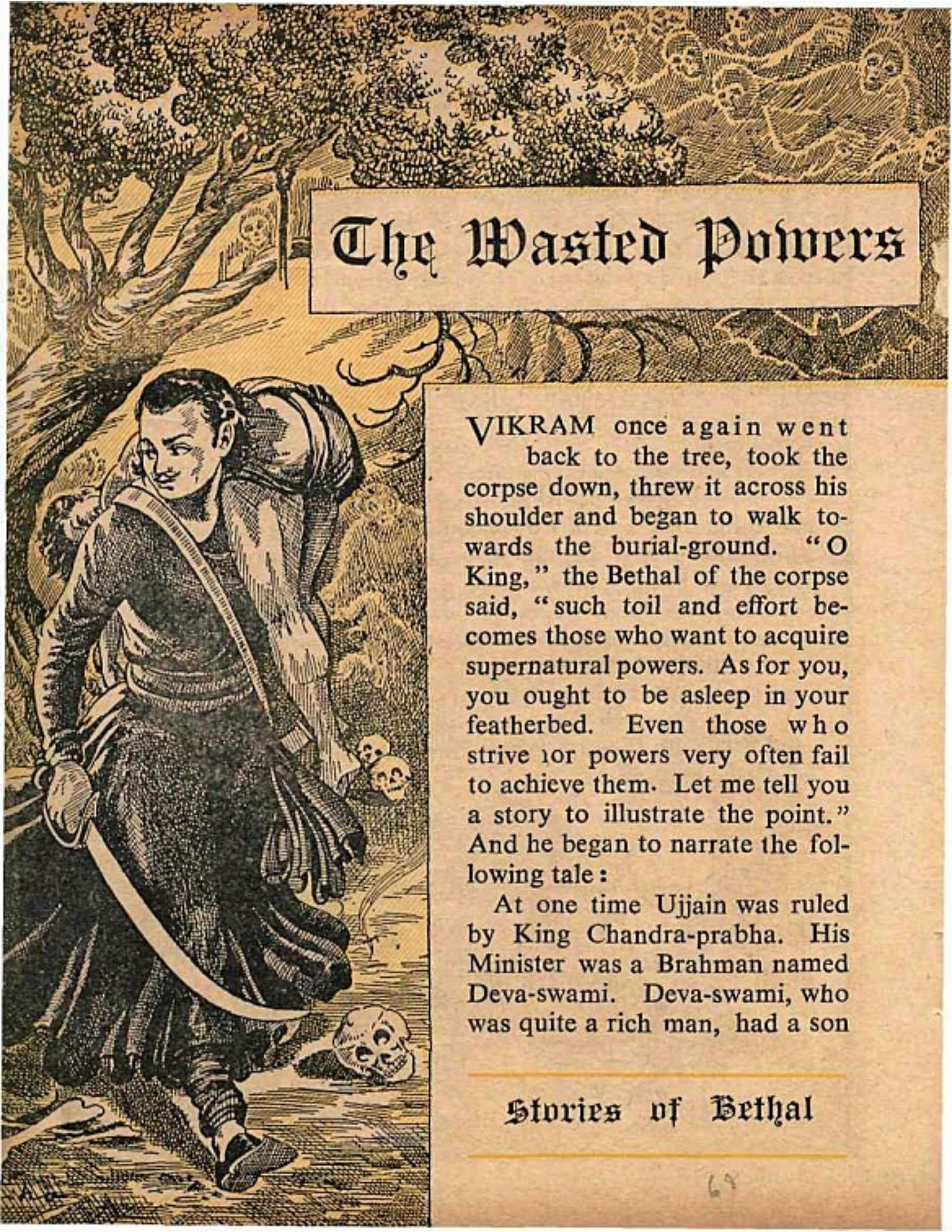
MOTHS and Butterflies are nice to look at, with a pleasing variety of colours. But, by the time we begin to see and enjoy them, they are at the end of their existence. To understand this let us know something of the life-history of a Moth.

The female moth lays its eggs on the leaves of a tree. After a time, the eggs hatch, and small caterpillars creep out. They live upon leaves and grow big. As the caterpillar grows, its skin does not stretch. Instead, it splits and the caterpillar comes out of it with a fresh skin. Some caterpillars change their skins three or four times, until they grow to their maximum size, which may be as thick as a man's finger, with length over three inches.

Having grown to its full size, the caterpillar produces a very fine thread out of its mouth and weaves a cocoon around itself. The cocoon is very skilfully made, so that it covers the caterpillar completely but contains a weak spot through which the Moth can push its way, later. Once the cocoon is complete, there is no outward change, but tremendous transformation takes place inside it, and finally the Moth emerges. When it emerges its body looks wet, but soon it becomes dry.

After emerging from its cocoon, the Moth lives only to lay eggs. The silk we use comes from the cocoon of a silk-worm which is a Moth.





The Wasted Powers

VIKRAM once again went back to the tree, took the corpse down, threw it across his shoulder and began to walk towards the burial-ground. "O King," the Bethal of the corpse said, "such toil and effort becomes those who want to acquire supernatural powers. As for you, you ought to be asleep in your featherbed. Even those who strive for powers very often fail to achieve them. Let me tell you a story to illustrate the point." And he began to narrate the following tale :

At one time Ujjain was ruled by King Chandra-prabha. His Minister was a Brahman named Deva-swami. Deva-swami, who was quite a rich man, had a son

Stories of Bethal

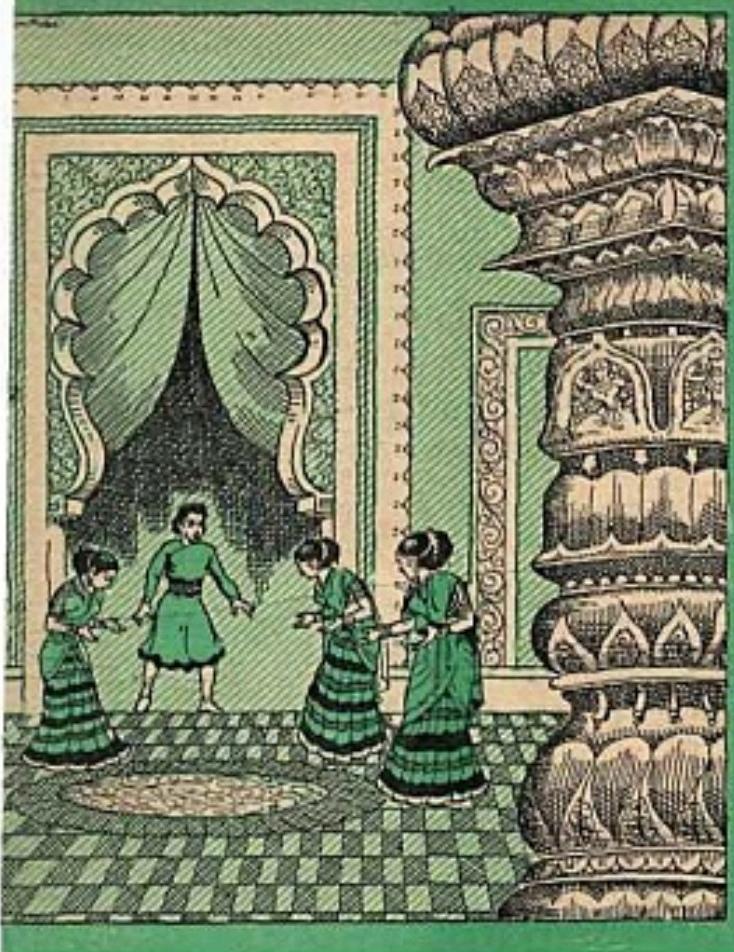
named Chandra-swami. This boy was well-behaved at first, but, as he grew up, he acquired the vice of gambling, and spent all his time in the game of dice.

One day, he was going along a street, when he saw a gambling house. He heard the sound of dice and went in. He joined the other gamblers and went on playing till he not only lost all his money, but he owed a lot of money to the others. They insisted upon his paying the debts. They did not know who he was.

If he had told them that he was the Minister's son, they probably would have waited for their money. But Chandra-swami feared bringing discredit to his father, and kept dumb, prepared for the worst.

The gamblers got angry with him and thrashed him cruelly with sticks, till he fell down unconscious. The keeper of the gambling house waited till night-fall. Chandra-swami still did not stir. Fearing that he was dead, the keeper called his servants and





said to them, "Take him to the forest, and dump him in a well before daybreak."

The servants carried Chandra-swami into the forest. They went very far without coming upon a well or a deep pit. The body appeared to be getting heavier with every step they took.

"We cannot carry this man any further," they said. "We may never find a well. Let us drop him here and go back and tell

our master that we have thrown him in a well."

Having taken this decision, they threw down Chandra-swami and went away.

Chadra-swami, who had been quite conscious for some time, got up and began to walk. His body was aching terribly, but he managed to reach a yogi's cottage by daybreak.

The yogi saw him and bade him welcome, saying, "Step in, my friend. You seem to be starving. I shall provide you with good food."

Chandra-swsmai wondered how the yogi was going to find any food for him in the thick of the forest.

But the yogi had extraordinary powers. He invoked a spirit and ordered it to look after the guest.

The next instant, Chandra-swami found himself standing in the centre of a golden city. He saw several damsels emerge out of a palace which was in front of

had their bath. Then the yogi communicated to chandra-swami an incantation and asked him to repeat it while under water.

What the yogi said came true. Chandra-swami had an illusion that he was born to a Brahman, grew up through boyhood, had his marriage which was followed by children.

The children were growing up and his life was quite happy in every way.

Then Chandra-swami became aware of the yogi's warning. He remembered that he was under-

going a ritual for the attainment of certain powers, and that he had to enter fire. He made all preparations to burn himself alive. But his wife, children and other kith and kin tried to prevent him, crying, "No no ! Don't enter the fire !" He was afraid. He hesitated. What would happen to all of them after his death ? Again he remembered the yogi's warning. He wondered whether the yogi knew what he was saying. Finally he made a terrible effort and jumped into the fire. But he did not feel the heat.



Chandra-swami stood up in the water. The illusion was gone. He came out of the water and approached the yogi, saying, "sir, I did exactly as you bade me. But how was it that the fire was not at all hot?"

"Not hot?" the yogi asked in surprise. "Why should not fire be hot, unless you made some mistake somewhere?"

"But I followed all your instructions strictly," Chandra-swami replied.

"Well," the yogi said, "we'll know the truth in a minute." He invoked his powers, but they did not come to him.

"You failed to obtain the powers," the yogi said, in anguish. "And I lost them."

Having finished the tale, Bethal asked Vikram, "O King, why

did Chandra-swami fail to obtain the powers though he made no mistake in his practice? Why, on the other hand, did the yogi lose his powers? I never got this doubt cleared. If you know the answer and yet do not speak, your head shall split."

"You want to break my silence somehow," Vikram replied. "Otherwise there is no mystery here. Chandra-swami was one who was easily taken in by hallucinations, and he hesitated to enter the fire in time. He failed to get the powers. The yogi lost his powers because he tried to impart them to one who did not deserve them."

The King's silence was thus broken, and Bethal disappeared with the corpse and returned back to the tree.



him. They approached him, saying, "Pray, step in!"

He followed them into the palace, where he was given an excellent bath and provided with rich clothes. His body was anointed with perfumed sandal-paste.

When he sat for his meal, a fairy-like damsel kept him company. As soon as he finished his meal, he felt so tired that he lay down on a featherbed and, at once, went into a deep sleep, hoping to find out later who the fairly-like damsel was.

But, when he woke up, he found himself in the yogi's cottage, with forest all around. There were neither city, nor damsels, nor palaces.

The yogi appoached him and inquired whether he found anything wrong in the hospitality.

"Thank you, sir," Chandra-swami replied. "I found everything exceedingly satisfactory. But I saw a very handsome lady, and I should like to make her acquaintance."



"Ah, my friend," the yogi said, "what all you have seen was an illusion which I have created with the aid of my powers. Do not mistake it for reality."

"Then, sir," Chandra-swami entreated the yogi, "will you be so kind as to impart that power to me?"

"It is not easily acquired, my friend," the yogi said. "You are not capable of the required effort. You must get under water and meditate. While you



are in meditation, strange hallucination takes possession of you. You will be born again and grow up. You will get married and beget children. You may mistake this for reality and give up your meditation.

"If you manage not to give up your meditation, but, at the age of twenty-four, burn yourself alive while you are leading that imaginary life, then you can come out of the water armed with the power. You see why no ordinary man can achieve such powers."

"I am certain that I can go through the process," Chandra-swami said.

"If you fail," the yogi warned him, "I too would lose my power."

"I won't fail!" Chandra-swami assured the yogi.

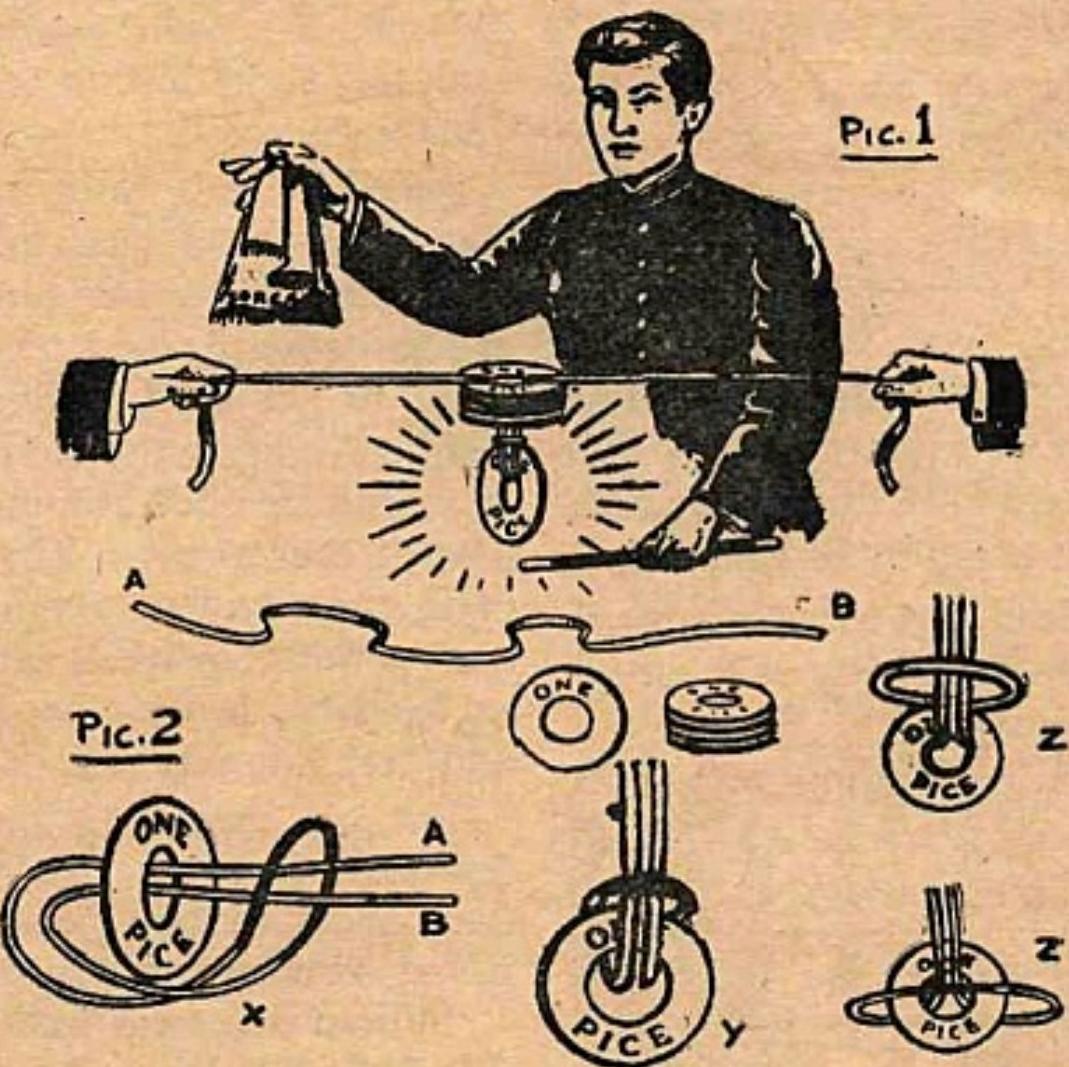
"Well," the yogi said, "I'll give you the powers. If you forget to enter the fire at the right moment, I'll remind you. But you should not hesitate to enter the fire when I direct you."

Chandra-swami assented. Both the yogi and Chandra-swami



is explained through picture 2. Under cover of the kerchief the magician simply takes the

lone coin is again threaded (Pic. 2-Y). Thus a perfect illusion is created.



bottom coin away by loosening the loop (Pic. 2-X and Z). In this way the bottom coin is first taken away and then the top four automatically removed. And by reversing the process the

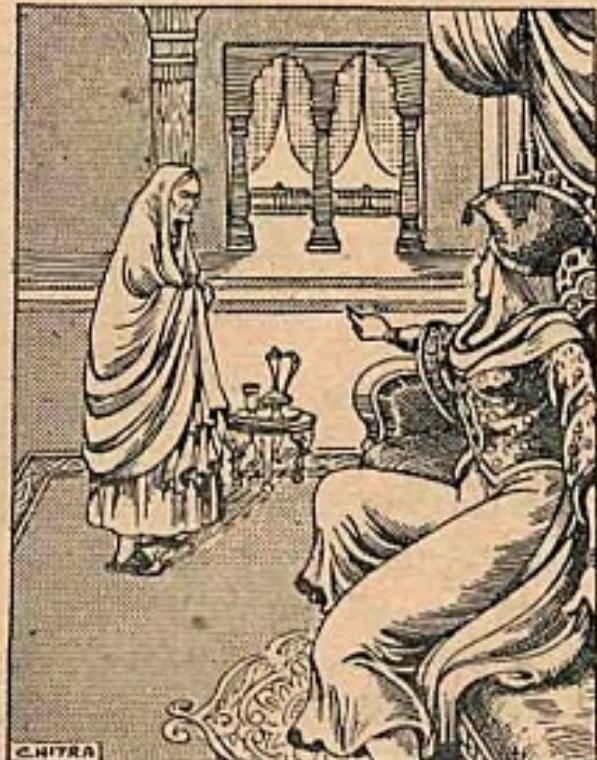
[Readers who want to know further details about this trick may write to the following address, giving reference to CHANDAMAMA. All correspondence should be in English and addressed to—Prof. P. C. Sorcar, Magician, Post Box 7878, Calcutta - 12.]

THE BACK COVER

KING FOR A DAY - 9

ABU saw Masrur at a distance and said to his wife, "I was expecting that the Khalifa and the Queen would quarrel as to which one of us was dead. Now, here comes Masrur to find out the truth. This is our final trial! Lie down at once and pretend to be dead."

By the time Masrur arrived, Ganna was lying stiff on the



floor, covered in a shroud. Abu sat near her, weeping inconsolably. Masrur offered him the formal words of consolation, went back and told the Khalifa that it was Ganna that died.

Zubeda was very angry when she heard Masrur say this. She threw her slippers at Masrur and asked her old maid to see who really was dead. Abu saw the old maid at a distance and took on the part of the corpse. The old maid came and saw Abu laid out on the floor while Ganna sat by him, beating her head and moaning pitifully.

The old maid too shed a few tears in sympathy, went back and told the Queen that it was Abu who had died.

"There is some mischief in this," the Khalifa said. "We will not know what happened unless we all go there."

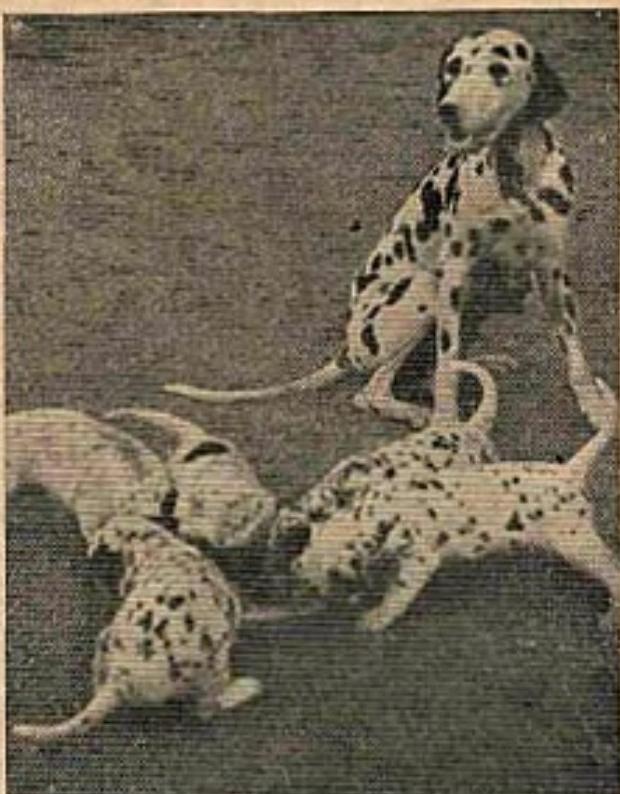
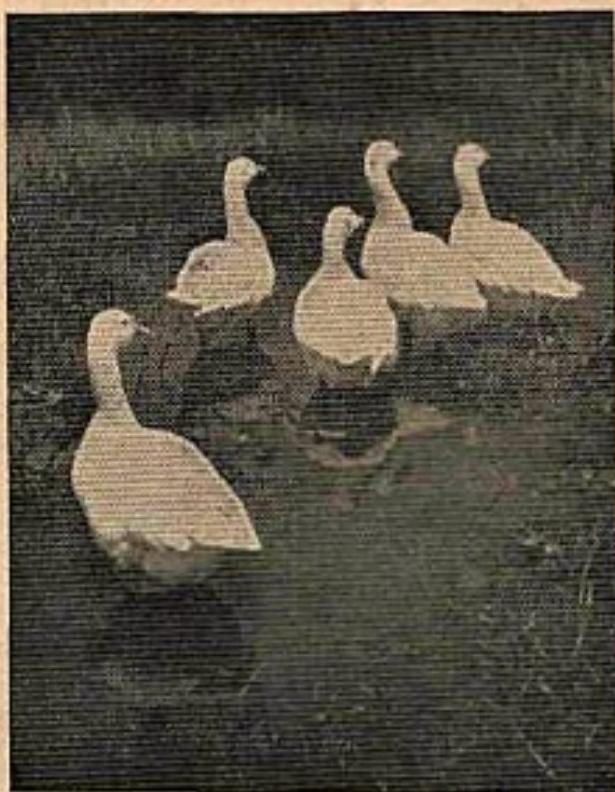
The Khalifa, Zubeda, and all the rest of them started for Abu's house. Abu saw them at a distance. "Wife," he said, "we are done for! It is time we are both dead!"

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

FEBRUARY 1957

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- * Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- * The captions should reach us before 5th of December '56.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- * Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR DECEMBER

- I. *Photo*: In the midst of the gloom
- II. *Photo*: She opens the windows of the room

Contributed by :

Kumari Rita Majumdar, c/o Sri B. Majumdar, P. O. Waltair R. S, Visakhapatnam-4

AWARD Rs. 10



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

THIS is familiarly known among magicians as the Chinese coin trick. As the old Chinese coins had holes in the centre they were used largely by the fraternity for this trick. But now that we have in India pice coins with holes we can christen this as the Indian pice trick.

The magician takes up five coins with holes in the centre and one long ribbon whose ends are shown as A and B in picture 1. The ribbon is folded in two so that the ends A and B come together and are pushed through the centre of one of the coins. Next they are pushed through the

small loop made. Thus a knot is formed about the coin. Then the ribbon is made to pass through four more coins. The ends are separated and two people are asked to hold them at opposite ends and pull them tightly (Pic. 1). The trick is to remove the four coins even as the ends-A and B-are held tight.

Superficial observers will think it impossible of achievement because they know that the outside diameter of the coin at the bottom is much bigger than the diameter of the four coins above. In reality the trick is not at all difficult. The *modus operandi*

Both of them covered themselves in sheets and stretched themselves on the floor. Soon the Khalifa and the rest arrived.

"Poor Ganna!" Zubeda wailed. "Did you break your heart because of Abu's death?" She did not own defeat even in her lamentations.

"There," said the Khalifa, "I cannot agree with you. It is Abu who broke his heart on account of Ganna's death." He was equally reluctant to own defeat.

"No," said Zubeda vehemently, "Abu died first."

"No," said the Khalifa equally vehemently. "Ganna died first."

They began to quarrel again.

"Where are the servants of this house?" Zubeda said. "They can tell us the truth."

"Yes," said the Khalifa, "I shall give ten thousand gold dinars to anyone who can tell me who died first."

"Give them to me, Your Highness," Abu shouted from under the sheet. "It was I,

Abu al-Hasan, that died second."

The Khalifa now understood the deception. He began to roar with laughter.

Both Abu and Ganna sat up and narrated all the guiles they had to practice in order to obtain money and begged for the Khalifa's pardon. They were freely pardoned. The Khalifa realised his mistake. He now fixed Abu's salary on par with that of his Chief Vazir and made Abu his permanent companion.

The End.





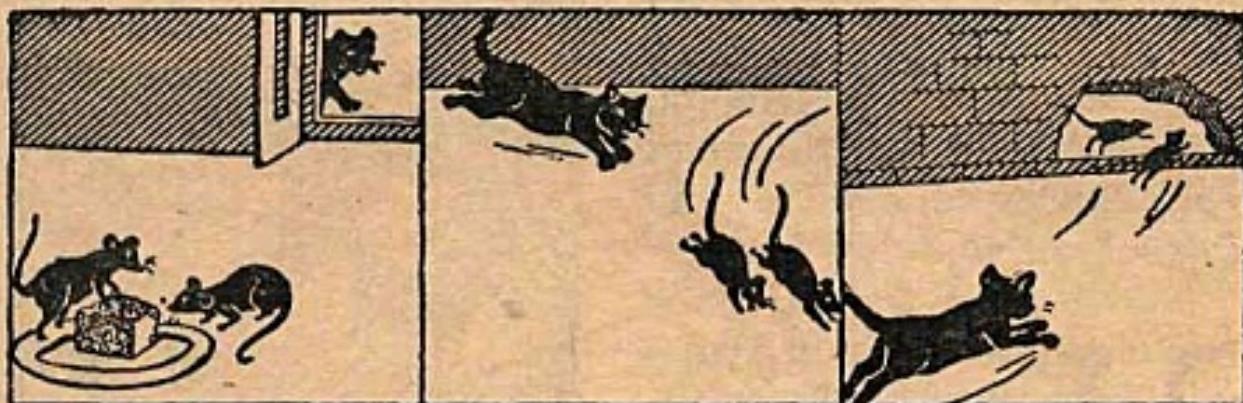
NEWS ITEMS

On November 1, the new states of Bombay, Madhya Pradesh, the Punjab, Rajasthan, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala and Mysore were inaugurated. President Rajendra Prasad inaugurated the Mysore State, while Prime Minister Nehru inaugurated Andhra Pradesh.

The Government of India signed an agreement with a Consortium of 13 British Companies for the construction of an iron and steel works at Durgapur. The works will cost about 140 crores of rupees.

In the month of November, two distinguished visitors were in India, Earl Attlee of Britain and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

On November 10, Prime Minister Nehru unveiled a group of 18 portraits of national leaders adorning the walls of the West Bengal Legislature, the first instalment of 40 such paintings to be placed there at a cost of Rs. 60,000 by the end of next year.



Prajavani, a Kannada daily of Bangalore, has received the award for best produced newspapers in the Indian language newspapers category in the competition organised by the Union Ministry of Information. The same newspaper got this award last year also.

* * *

On November 14, Nehru's birthday was celebrated as "Children's Day." At the National Stadium, Delhi, 100,000 children met "Chacha" Nehru, released 67 doves in honour of his years, did mass drill, played and sang. The 16th plenary session of the UNESCO General Conference sent Nehru a message of congratulations,

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Ike Eisenhower was re-elected President of the United States of America and Richard Nixon Vice-President. The Congress however has a majority of Democrats.

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The first World Theatre Conference held a five-day session at Bombay with Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya as president. 40 delegates from 20 foreign countries and 40 delegates from various parts of India attended. It was decided that a Theatre Faculty of Asia should be set up.

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Kabul and Afghanistan were once part of India (Gandhara). Recent archeological findings throw some light on the history of Afghanistan between the first century B. C. and the second century A. D. and the influence of Hellenic art and sculpture in Buddhist shrines in Kabul and neighbouring places.



Picture Story

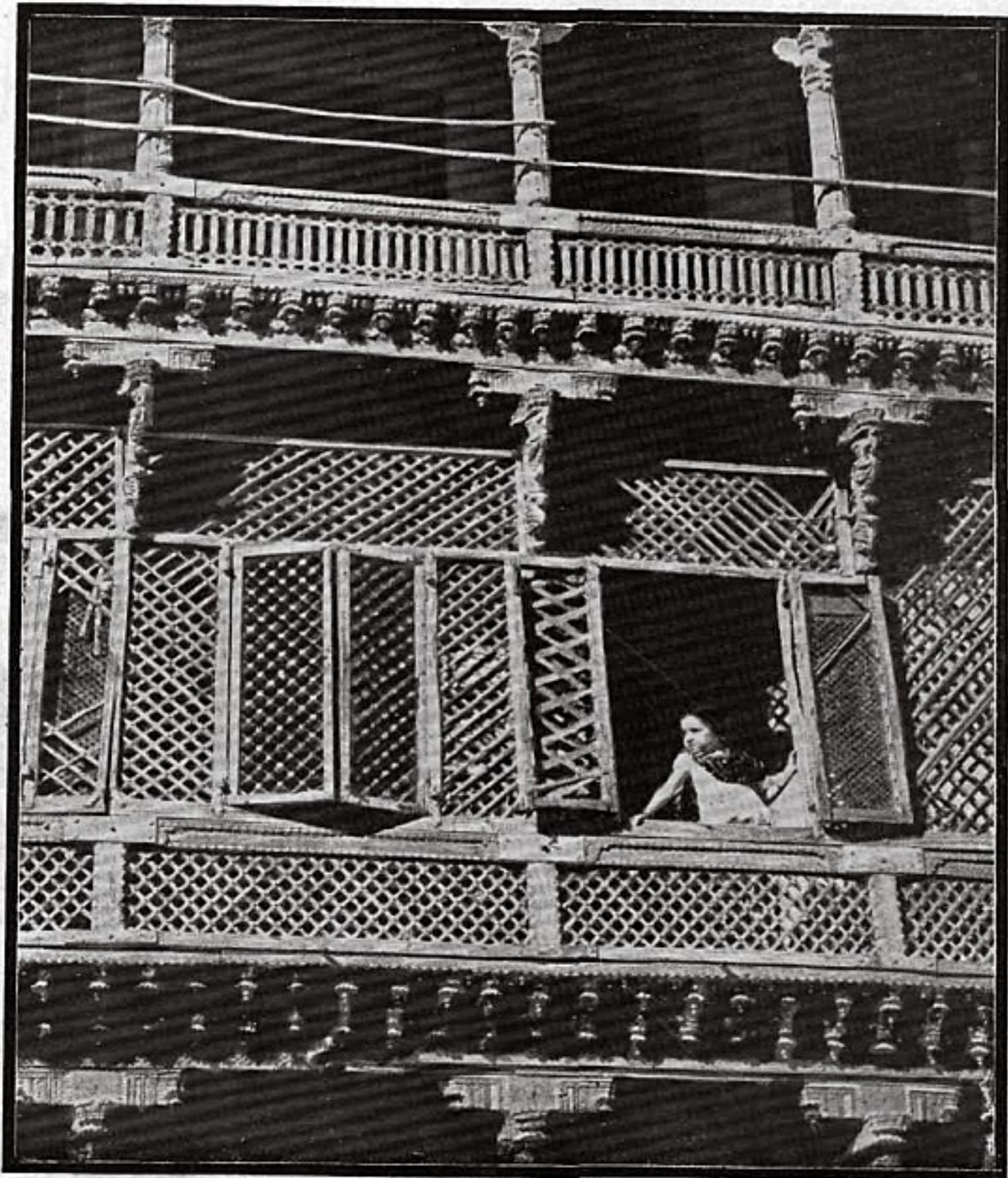


ONE day, Dass and Vass went out with "Tiger," flying their pet pigeon. As the pigeon was flying over a tree, a bad boy saw it, took out his catapult, and aimed to hit it. But at that very moment, "Tiger" dashed forth and caught the bad boy by the leg. The stone from the catapult missed its mark and hit the earthen pot of a woman who was bringing water from the canal nearby, and the pot broke. The woman would have chastised the bad boy for his action, but "Tiger" already did it for her.



Chandamama, Dec. '56

Photo by A. L. Syed

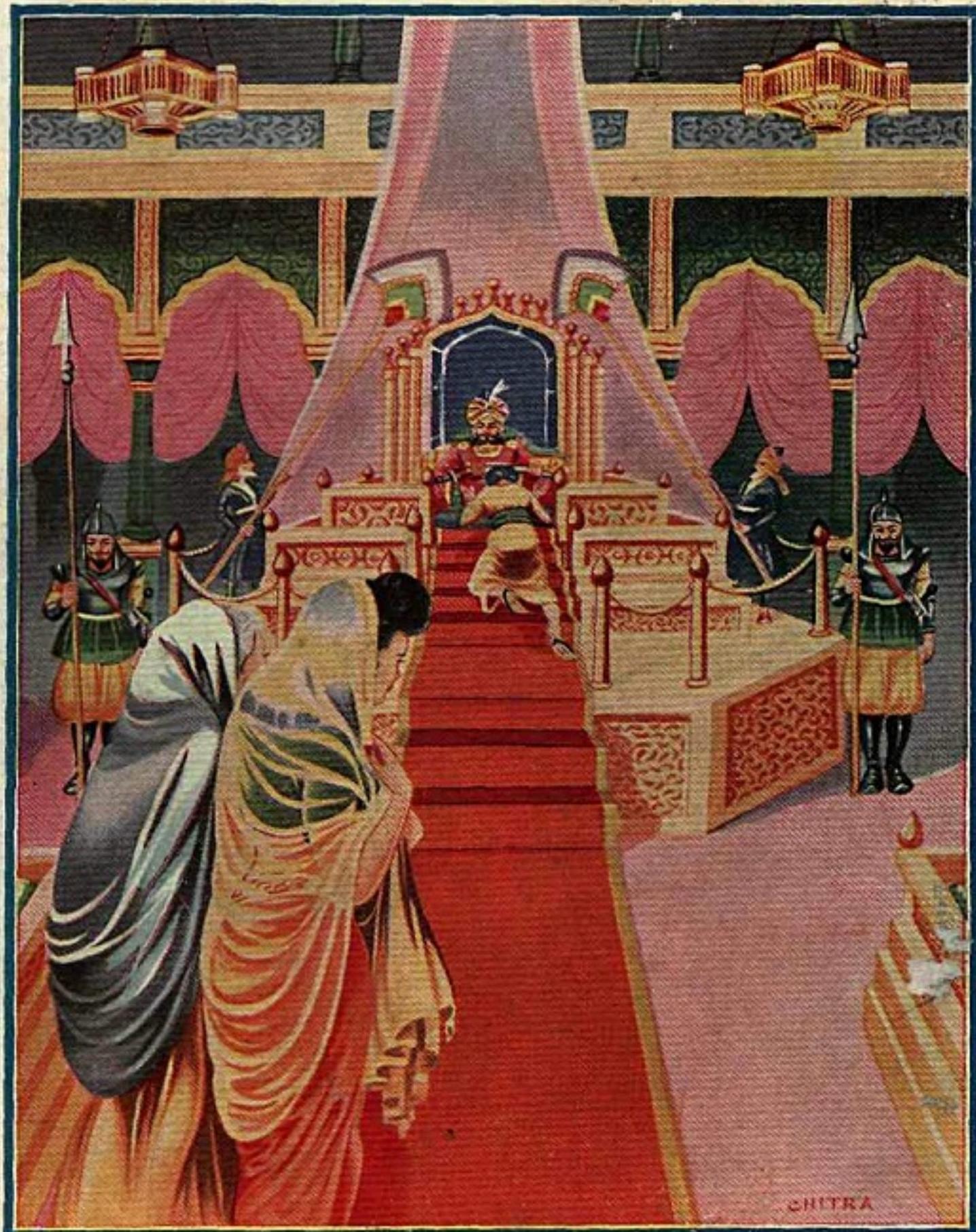


Winning
Caption

83

SHE OPENS THE WINDOWS
OF THE ROOM

Contributed by
K. R. Majumdar-Waltair



CHITRA